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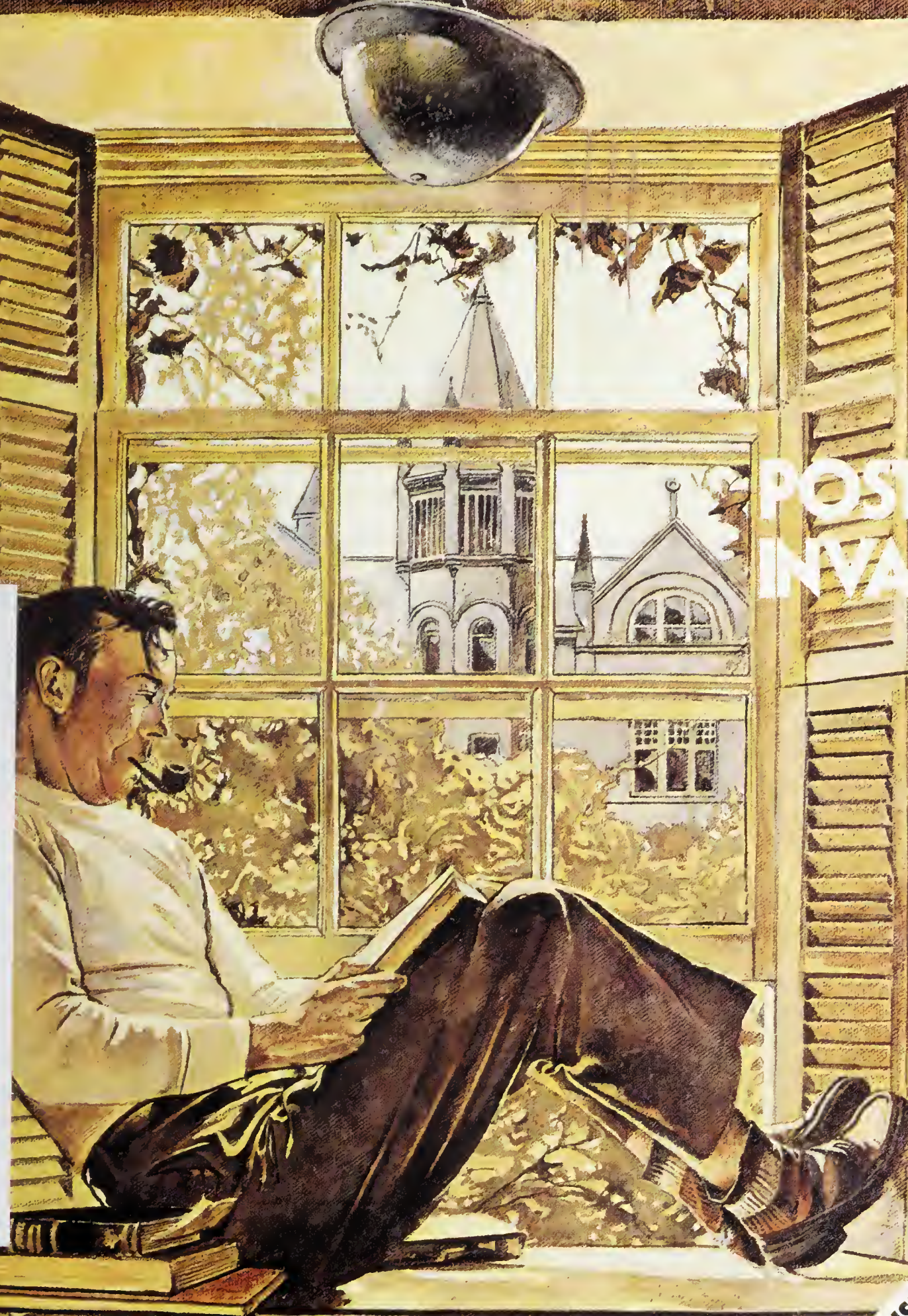
Volume XIII/No. 3

GRADUATE

THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO ALUMNI MAGAZINE

POSTWAR INVASION

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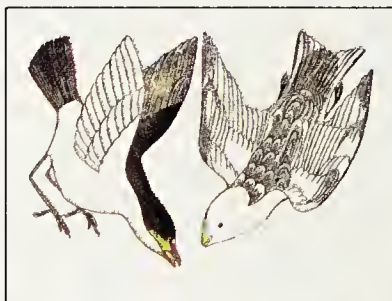
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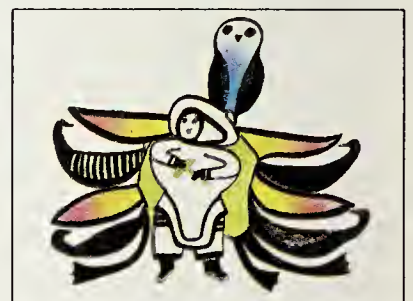
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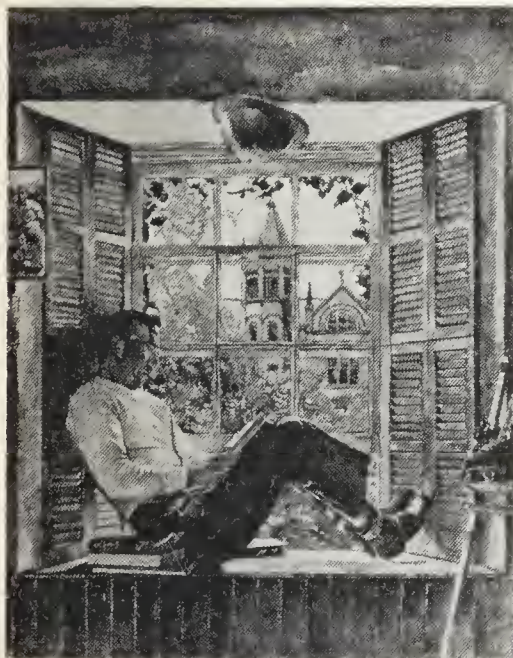
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GRADUATE



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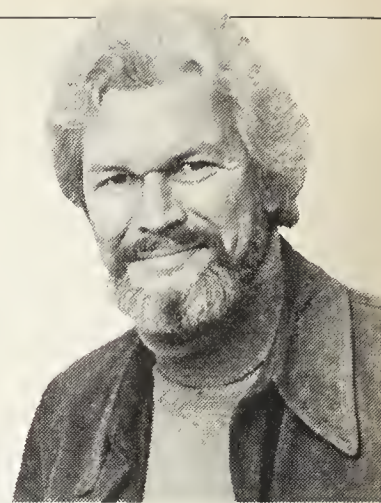
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A STUDY IN MANAGEMENT



I WAS AT AN AMATEUR CONCERT RECENTLY, WHERE A number of performers shared an accompanist who was good. One of the singers paid him an elegant tribute. "He makes *our* mistakes look like *his*," he said.

It made me think of Margaret MacAulay, our indomitable and indefatigable managing editor, and the invisible contributions she makes to each issue of *The Graduate*. One couldn't choose a more appropriate issue than the current one to serve as illustration.

Margaret's institutional knowledge is legendary, as is her indignation at incompetence, euphemisms and misspelled names. When we decided, about six months ago, to pay our respects to the veterans returning to the U of T, she began to dig, talking to friends who were attending the University in the 1940s, plowing through archives, for suitable illustrations. We had already decided, after much discussion, that illustrations of the notable figures wouldn't do; we wanted the students, the buildings, the spirit of the era, and she finally found them in the *Torontonensis* of the time. This was in the spare moments when she wasn't working on the excerpts from Boyd Neel's *My Orchestras and Other Adventures*.

In the previous issue it was the Engineering Society. "Oh," she explains, "I just went back into the old photograph files."

Yeah, but how did you know where to look and what to look for? The question leaves her speechless. She just did. She always does. "I have a rag bag mind," she says. "I never grew up, I'm always asking why, or how, or how come." She thinks it may have started when she was seven or eight years old and somebody gave her a book entitled *I Never Knew That Before* which covered such essentials as how the ancient Egyptians made fans out of peacock feathers and explained why a horse's height is measured in hands. Such things find comfortable niches in the recesses of her mind forever.

"I come from a curious family", she says, meaning simply that every member of it was perpetually curious. No one, however, found it odd that as a girl she would study a combination of maths, chemistry, languages (English, French and Latin) and history as well as earning her A.R.C.T. in piano. Nor that she should begin a lifelong study of baseball under the tutelage of Dizzy Dean. Skiing was a problem. "The year I had to take theory on Saturday mornings I thought I'd been killed. It cut into my skiing a lot." Well, perhaps music theory was the problem.

"Where I grew up (Fort William) everybody did everything and I did, too." But theatre is her passion, currently with the University Alumnae Dramatic Club,

where she may be found onstage, backstage, at the piano or behind the ticket counter. "All same thing," she'll say.

So the ingredients of a superb managing editor emerge. Never forget anything, know everyone, retain the curiosity of a child and the tenacity of a border terrier. One could go on about lunatic eclecticism and an appreciation of the absurd but one wouldn't want to embarrass the woman. It is a privilege to work with her.

* * *

Mary Martin called me one day to say she was going to Halifax. "Great," I said, "have a good time. When will you be back?"

"I won't," she said, explaining that she and her husband were going to live there, and that she could no longer write the Alumni News column for *The Graduate*. Not great. She wrote ten columns over the last two years, and the November/December issue carried her last one. Martin's husband has been posted to Halifax as *The Globe and Mail* Maritimes correspondent and Mary has joined Dalhousie University as associate campaign director. We wish her well and will miss her lively coverage in *The Graduate*. Our thanks, too, to Anne-Marie H. Applin, a member of the magazine's Advisory Board and an Erindale graduate, for pitching in to help with the current issue.

We're contemplating some changes for the magazine, beginning perhaps in the spring. When one publishes only five times a year and with a long lead time, one needs to define "news" differently and a section is planned which would accommodate a greater variety of matters which would be of interest. Ideally, there would be a number of contributors. Readers are invited to offer suggestions, *brief* items which might be of wide interest.

The tone should be friendly, conversational, literate and informative, the length 250 to 500 words. The editor will be politely ruthless in selecting material and I'm afraid unused items cannot be returned unless accompanied by an envelope with postage and return address. Aside from that, the magazine is yours: go for it!

John Aitken, Editor

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POST-WAR INVASION

MARY HALLORAN

HOW U OF T BATTLED
BUREAUCRAT & POLITICIAN
TO PROVIDE FOR THOSE
WHO RETURNED



PRESIDENT H.J. CODY, IN HIS ANNUAL REPORT TO THE Board of Governors in June 1945, exuded quiet satisfaction. He had successfully guided the University of Toronto through the difficult war years, coping with severe staff shortages, inadequate accommodations and near-obsolete equipment. Moreover, its prestige had risen as the government came to depend on U of T faculty and facilities for research and the training of armed forces personnel. Canon Cody was about to take up his duties as chancellor. But the registration of 200 veterans, most of them ex-air force personnel, led to a warning in his final president's report. "This trickle of attendance from the ranks of the active services will soon grow into a mighty stream. Registration after the war will strain our resources to the utmost."

The deluge on the universities was largely due to the federal government's concern to assist the veterans in their transition to civilian life. Politicians and civil servants alike were haunted by the unemployment figures among veterans after World War I. Nowhere was the determination to offer the veteran of World War II "opportunity with security" more in evidence than in the field of education. The government decided that it would pay tuition and allowances for a period equal to that served in the forces to any veteran enrolled in a university or pre-matriculation course within 15 months of discharge. The benefits were renewable as long as the student remained in the upper quarter of the

class or achieved second-class honours standing. In addition, a single veteran was to receive an allowance of \$60 per month, a married veteran \$80, with additional grants for children.

Enrolment figures from the period are staggering. At U of T, from a total registration of 7,265 in 1944-45, the numbers jumped to 13,157 in 1945-46, of whom 4,727 were veterans. When enrolment peaked in 1947-48, the registration of 8,392 veterans inflated the total to 17,723 students. Thereafter the graduation of the ex-service personnel offered some relief to the beleaguered university as the numbers edged downwards to 14,840 in 1950.

In the first frenetic days of U of T's veteran boom some tough policy decisions had to be taken as to the priority to be given to returned servicemen, the admission standards to be required, and the merits of segregating the veterans from those who had not served. When these matters had been settled, there remained the larger task of finding enough staff, equipment and accommodation for the university's needs. Several members of the Senate and the Board of Governors, together with the deans of the various faculties and senior members of individual departments, were instrumental in solving these problems. But the ultimate responsibility lay with two men, President Sidney Smith and Colonel Eric Phillips, chairman of the Board of Governors.

One might surmise that the attention and publicity lavished on the universities as a result of the veteran invasion more than a little compensated Sidney Smith for the havoc it wrought. An outgoing, expansive man who would one day serve briefly as Canada's minister of external affairs under John Diefenbaker, Smith was ever

Mary Halloran, B.A., 8T1 St. Michael's, M.A., 8T2, is a doctoral student in Canadian history.



BACK ON THE CAMPUS once more, representatives of the three services take up the rambling thread that is life at School.



ALWAYS AT THE END of the year, and ideally placed at the end of the University College section, is the rush for the books which takes place during the early spring as students abandon their social and athletic schedules and take stock of their academic standing prior to the beginning of examinations.

conscious that his pronouncements could be heard beyond the walls of Simcoe Hall. His ongoing flirtation with the federal Conservative party, however, did not unduly divert his attention from the more mundane responsibilities of his post. He brought to his task a lawyer's mastery of detail, a flair for choosing talented associates, and an incomparable capacity for hard work. U of T was fortunate in having for its chief administrator in the immediate post-war years a man of Smith's ability and drive.

Smith's comrade-in-arms was the indomitable Eric Phillips, chairman of the Board of Governors. As head of various industrial and financial corporations, he was known in 1945 as one of Canada's foremost businessmen. A formidable man who, in the words of Professor Claude Bissell, conveyed "a sense of concentrated power." Phillips loomed large in the University's negotiations with the federal government. Unlike Smith, who tended to be overawed by the mighty in government and business, Phillips moved easily through the corridors of power. He was thus the more adept negotiator.

The considerable skills of these men were taxed to the limit in the critical months immediately following the war's end. At the behest of C.R. Young, dean of engineering, Smith prodded the Department of Veterans Affairs to secure the early demobilization of U of T staff. At the same time, Young discussed with DVA officials a plan to enable veterans enrolled in graduate programs to take part-time teaching positions. It was arranged that graduate students could earn up to \$75 per month through teaching without reduction in their training allowances.

The staff shortages were as nothing compared to the

problem of accommodation. Throughout the years of the veteran "bulge" students crowded into every conceivable space. The list of requirements was daunting. Classes met in nearby houses, in a church at College and Elizabeth, in Hart House Theatre, in professors' homes. Equipment and furnishings matched the makeshift accommodations. The aura of "genteel poverty" which characterized the University in the period no doubt had much to do with the motley assortment of desks and chairs that had been salvaged for the emergency.

The physical adaptation of the University excited no controversy. Everyone knew that the staff was attempting the impossible on the limited resources at its disposal. More contentious was the proposal to limit first year enrolment in the Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering. The latter was not the only one to consider restrictions on enrolment. The tiny Faculty of Forestry, for example, accepted only 80 first year applicants, 60 of them veterans, while the Faculty of Medicine admitted an extra class of 150 non-service students embarking on a new six-year program.

What made for dissension in the case of engineering was the proposal, from the Committee on Policy in its report to the engineering council, to admit only 400 of the record 1,000 seeking admission. Opposing it were President Smith and the Board of Governors who considered such restrictions impracticable.

Under the terms of the plan, the first-year class would be made up almost exclusively of veterans. The entrance of even the most talented high school graduates would be delayed until the following year. If civilians were admitted, what proportion of the places should be made available to them? Of the 1,000 who applied, 300 were



Ajax and many of them ex-servicemen, are interested upon mastering their respective engineering fields, to their work seriously, study the computer study laboratory, and the rooming house.

Ajax Open House

Premier George Drew is an interested spectator (left) as Ex-Servicemen Pat McCullough and Arnold McGinn conducted an experiment in one of the modern Ajax laboratories. Among the prominent guests were Dean C. R. Young, George W. Garner, J. R. Gilley, Col. George Drew and Dr. Sidney Smith (below).

Here in all its sweeping grandeur is Ajax, home and university to 1,400 students this year, possibly twice that number next.

non-service students. Some preached juggling the figures to have equal numbers. They reasoned that ex-servicemen with new-found wealth and freedom might be something of a problem. Diluting their ranks with non-veterans would presumably inhibit their hedonistic tendencies. Smith, among others, disagreed. Some measure of preference for veterans must be preserved.

The issue was resolved with the finalization of plans to conduct a special first-year session off campus, beginning in January 1946. Approximately 400 students, all veterans with 29 months or more of active service, were admitted to the fall session downtown. The remainder of the service students, together with the civilians, were admitted to the special session four months later. The relocation of approximately 1,400 students in the Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering in January 1946 represents the most important undertaking at U of T for the accommodation of ex-service personnel.

The search for off-campus quarters came to an end in the spring of 1945 with the decision of the Executive Committee of the Board of Governors to investigate the possible use of certain buildings and facilities of Defence Industries Limited (DIL) at Ajax, a village 24 miles east of the campus. With the approval of Sidney Smith, soon to take up his duties as president, Eric Phillips called a meeting for June 9 to discuss the special governmental assistance that the move to Ajax would entail.

From this point onward, Ajax was Phillips' pet project. Arrangements had to be made with C.D. Howe, minister of munitions and supply and reconstruction, for the use of DIL's facilities. In the meantime, Premier George Drew assured the University that his government would underwrite the capital and additional costs of operating

the Ajax division. By the third week of June, Phillips had concluded what he considered to be a firm agreement, and left for England.

The chairman had been too sanguine. On his return to Canada he received a call from Howe telling him that the Ajax deal had gone "haywire". The RCAF had told Howe that it intended to use the Ajax site as a depot. The University would have to look elsewhere.

Phillips was furious. On his instructions, plans for the conversion of the munitions plant into University facilities had been under way for the better part of five weeks. He scoffed at the notion of looking elsewhere. The University had been lucky in finding one vacant site. With so little time remaining before the return of the students, there was no possibility of finding another. Howe was reminded that an earlier attempt to procure the use of the Eglinton Hunt Club had ended in failure because the RCAF wished to retain it. Phillips bluntly told Howe that "it would be nothing less than a calamity" if Ajax was not immediately available.

How this calamity was averted is a matter of conjecture. Prime Minister Mackenzie King apparently intervened and gave his *alma mater* a sympathetic hearing. After a flurry of phone calls between Kingsmere and U of T the deal was resurrected and concluded.

Development of the Ajax campus proceeded without incident. Announcement of the deal was duly made by C.D. Howe on August 14, 1945. In September the Board of Governors appointed a special committee. With the president, chairman of the board and chancellor were Dean Young, A.D. LePan, superintendent of buildings, Henry Borden and J.R. Gilley. Gilley, a graduate of engineering and a first war veteran, was appointed



Popular rendezvous for St. Michael's students on their extra curricular hours is Newman Club. Above 450 of the campus' Catholic students thronged Newman's Oak Room at its Annual Open House. Below another aspect of campus life at St. Michael's.

THIS LINE UP AT THE V.C.U. office isn't for information. This line up is for tickets for... let's see the play? the opera? the Al Humes? Oh well, you line up for everything these days.

The photographs and captions on these pages have been taken from Torontonensis for 1946, 1947 and 1948

director of the Ajax division. As comptroller of Hart House and acting warden during the wartime absence of J.B. Bickersteth, Roy Gilley had proven his abilities in administration. For the post of director of studies the committee chose Professor W.J.T. Wright.

The conversion of a shell-filling plant into something bearing a remote resemblance to a university campus was a considerable feat. There were 111 buildings on 428 acres, four times the area of the downtown campus. The plant had been built at a cost of \$12 million and had been in operation for four years.

The first task was the demolition of powder-contaminated buildings. As DIL's director so cheerfully put it, the site was so hazardous at the time that U of T acquired it "a spark could throw the whole place sky high." Among the buildings turned over to U of T were a 36-bed hospital, dormitories that could accommodate 3,000 people, a cafeteria that sat 1,000 and a recreational centre consisting of bowling alleys, a theatre and a lounge. The University assumed responsibility for the operation of such services as water supply, sewage disposal, road repair, postal service and fire protection.

By the time classes for the special session began on January 14, Ajax had acquired all the trappings of a conventional campus, complete with classrooms, laboratories, administrative offices and student residences. With the establishment of a circulating library, and, perhaps more to the point, the Ajax version of Hart House, Gilley could rightfully claim that his university in

the wilderness had most of the amenities available to students on the St. George campus.

Single veterans were easily accommodated, two to a room, in the dormitories. The charge for room and board for the entire session, January to August 1946, was \$270. Married veterans could apply for the somewhat limited accommodation available in the houses built in Ajax by Wartime Housing Ltd. For those who commuted daily from the city, U of T arranged for the Toronto Transportation Commission to provide bus service morning and evening between the Gray Coach Terminal at Bay and Dundas and the Ajax campus.

The Ajax Division remained in operation until the end of the 1948-49 session. During its peak year, 1946-47, it boasted an enrolment of 3,312 students, of whom 1,794 were freshmen and 1,518 were second-year students. During the same year, 131 members of the Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering and 79 from the Faculty of Arts were required as instructors.

Returning to student life was no small adjustment for the veterans. Many took advantage of the accelerated course offered from April to September 1946 to shorten their period of study and ease the transition from barracks to lecture hall. Some professors, seeing the discrepancies in the level of preparation among veterans and recent high school graduates, placed the veterans in separate classes to spare them embarrassment while they did the necessary catching up.

Their progress was rapid. Before long they were pre-eminent in every field of endeavour. Older than their non-veteran classmates, and a good deal more mature, they reigned supreme in the classroom and on the sports field. Professors looked to them as natural leaders. In-



EXECUTIVE U.C. SUMMER SESSION, 1946
LEFT TO RIGHT: Jean Houston, W.U.A. Pres.; Al Brown, 1st. V. Sec.-President; J. Alan Avery, 1st. Secretary-Treasurer; Fred Brett, 1st. President; Mildred Arkenhead, W.U.A. Athlete Director; John Wilson, 1st. Publicity Director; Barbara Laurence, W.U.A. Secretary-Treasurer; and Countess, 1st. Social Director; Ron Scott, 1st. Athletic Director.



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO SENIOR TRACK TEAM 1946-47
A. Deane, J. O'Brien, G. S. Dool, W. ...

evitably, a gulf appeared between the ex-servicemen and those who had not served. Vets had little time for the puerile high-jinks of the younger students, who, for their part, were apt to resent the veterans' higher profile. Still, the polarization failed to mar the buoyant mood of the campus during the veteran years.

In Ottawa, the architects of the university training program nervously awaited the results of the first year or two of its operation. They need not have worried. The veterans at Canadian universities were plainly a success. Seventeen of the 20 Rhodes Scholars in 1945-46 were veterans. All the first-year law scholarships at U of T were won by veterans. The failure rate among science and engineering students in first year at U of T was 9.1 per cent, compared with a 17-year average of 24.6 per cent. By any standard of measurement, DVA's investment in veteran education had been a good one.

The story of the university training program for veterans would be one of unmitigated triumph but for one factor: even as the veterans were basking in their academic success, they, and the institutions that trained them, were hard-pressed to make ends meet financially.

During the year 1946-47 prices rose 10 per cent; the following year 13 per cent. Student disbursements remained unchanged. At issue was the inadequacy of the monthly allowance. In its simplest terms, the position of the veterans was that the rates, set in 1944 and not adjusted since, were no longer sufficient to meet the needs of the veterans taking training, particularly in the case of married veterans. The ex-service committee at U of T claimed in February 1947 that the allowance for married veterans of \$80 per month met only two-thirds of a couple's expenses. In tones respectful but insistent, the

committee demanded an upward adjustment in the married students' allowances.

The government refused. The polite request of the committee lost its diffident tone. In May, 500 veterans and their supporters held a much-publicized rally to make their demands known. The theme of the speeches was that the veterans were asking only what was fair and reasonable. As 1947 wore on and the petitions, meetings and speeches increased in number and frequency, DVA succumbed, and in 1948 allowances for a married veteran taking university training went up to \$90 per month, with proportional increases in the allowances on behalf of children.

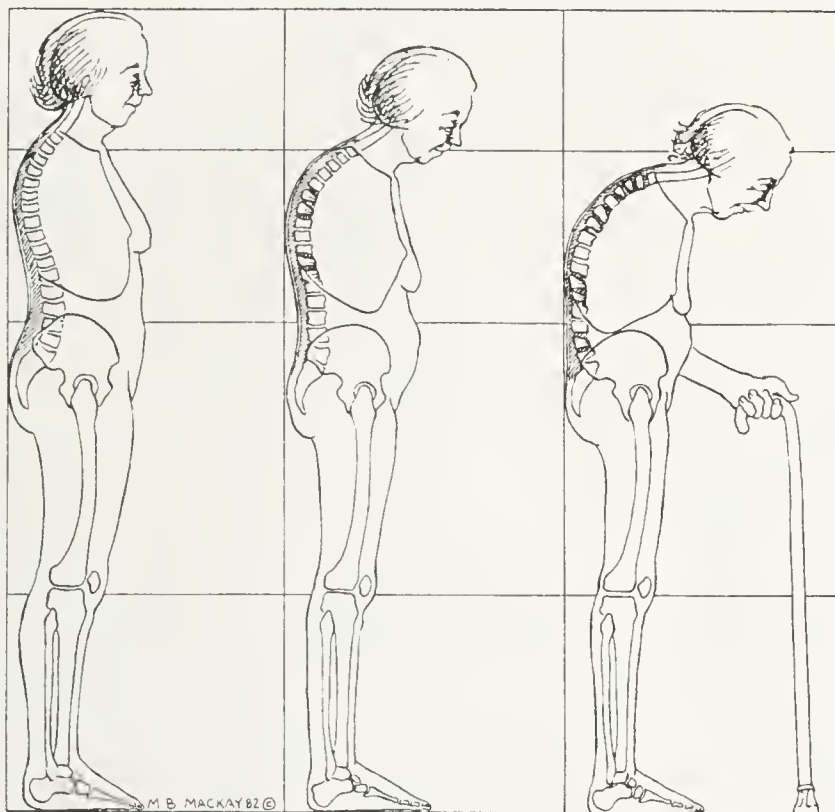
The universities, too, obtained some measure of relief. In a protracted series of meetings over the course of 1947-48, Sidney Smith and the other university presidents pointed out to DVA officials the inadequacies in the system by which DVA calculated its payment to the universities on behalf of the veterans. Even after persuading DVA of the validity of their complaint, the presidents had to wait while the Department of Finance considered their request. A new supplementary grant formula was approved in March 1948. Sidney Smith declared: "This action will put new heart into the Canadian universities which are struggling with the problem of meeting higher costs in a time of decreasing revenue."

The veterans left an indelible mark on the character of U of T. And many of them who swarmed into its overcrowded lecture halls returned as professors. But perhaps more importantly, the University's success in coping with the emergency of the forties enhanced its image as an indispensable component of post-war Canadian society.

FIGHTING FOR YOUR BACK

BY JUNE ROGERS

SOME THINGS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT OSTEOPOROSIS



KATHERINE MORAN, 71, USED TO THINK THAT HER rapidly shrinking height and her aches and pains were an inevitable consequence of old age. But three years ago all that changed as her physical condition went from bad to worse. One day, while in her bathroom, she lost her balance and fell, shattering her hip. While it took her several months to recover, she was able to get back on her feet. Less than a year later, she fractured a vertebra in her spine while lifting a half-empty gallon jug of water off the kitchen floor. She was hospitalized for six weeks at St. Michael's in Toronto. After a series of exhaustive tests, her physician told her that she had osteoporosis, a disease that is caused by an insidious depletion of calcium from bones, making them so porous and brittle that they snap under the slightest pressure.

Since then, Moran has fractured two more vertebrae, which has caused a curvature in her spinal column and reduced her height to 5' 2" from 5' 6½". (Normally, old people lose only one or two inches in height due to the flattening of the cushions between the vertebrae.) "I am so bent over that I look like I'm nine months pregnant," Moran says. "I can't even move pots and pans on the stove. I am a mess."

Katherine Moran is not alone. Although children and men can succumb to osteoporosis, its chief victims are white, post-menopausal women, affecting one in four females for a total of about 250,000 Canadians. In the

last 10 years, research teams have sprung up across North America to unlock the causes of the disease and find a cure.

A major collaborative study into osteoporosis is taking place in the University of Toronto's Bone Mineral Group. Dr. Joan Harrison, associate professor in the Department of Medicine and director of the Medical Physics Laboratory at the Toronto General Hospital, coordinates a team of 16 researchers carrying out clinical investigations at six hospitals: St. Michael's, Toronto General, Wellesley, St. Joseph's, Mt. Sinai and the Queen Elizabeth on University Ave. The main thrust of the study involves treating women with large daily doses of sodium fluoride, the same chemical compound that is present in small quantities in water systems of many Canadian municipalities to fight tooth decay. "We now know that it is possible to put bone back with sodium fluoride," Dr. Harrison says. "But we do not have all of the answers yet."

What researchers do know is that over the course of a lifetime the skeleton is in a constant state of regeneration: old bone cells are discarded and replaced with new ones. Up until the age of 35, the result is an increase in the bulk and strength of bones. But after mid-life, more bone is removed than deposited, so that a net loss occurs. However, women lose bone twice as fast as men during and for about five years after menopause because women stop producing estrogen, the female reproductive hormone that, among other things, helps the body retain

June Rogers is a freelance writer.

MARGOT MACKAY

calcium. Given that their bone mass is smaller to begin with, women run a greater risk than men of developing the disease.

To make matters worse, women tend to stop consuming good sources of calcium such as milk and other dairy products because they think they no longer require them, or they are concerned about gaining weight. A combination of poor posture and a lack of exercise such as brisk walking can weaken the skeleton as well. Other factors that contribute to increased bone loss are excess protein, alcohol and caffeine consumption and heavy smoking.

Some diseases and medications erode bone mass too. Hyperthyroidism, in which there is an overproduction of thyroid hormone, and sex hormone imbalances can interfere with the normal replenishing of bones. And drugs such as tranquilizers, antacids and cancer medications can also be harmful.

The most common sites for fractures are the spinal vertebrae, the ribs, the wrists and the hips. Hip fractures in the aging population are traumatic. About 12 per cent of elderly patients with broken hips die within a year of the accident because they are unable to withstand the trauma of the surgery and as a result develop complications like pneumonia. Women like Katherine Moran who have severely curved spines, known as dowager's hump, experience the worst deformity of osteoporosis. Their vertebrae crack and grind down to the point that only three bones may remain in the space where five once existed.

Dr. Harrison is acutely aware of how many women are affected by osteoporosis and has made the study of the disease her life's work. She came to the University of Toronto in 1961 to develop the use of nuclear physics for diagnostic purposes. By 1968, she and her colleague, Kenneth McNeill, professor of nuclear physics cross-appointed to the Department of Medicine, had succeeded in devising a test that would measure bone mass by neutron activation. (Until then, X-rays and bone biopsies were the only methods of diagnosing brittle bones.) By exposing a patient to neutrons, a small amount of calcium in the bones is converted into radioactive calcium. The radioactivity can then be measured to determine the strength of the bones. (The exposure is comparable to low-level diagnostic X-rays.) The result is what Dr. Harrison calls a calcium bone index. "Toronto is the only city in which the calcium bone index is used routinely as a diagnostic tool in a hospital setting," Dr. Harrison says.

Since 1971, when Dr. Harrison first used neutron activation to diagnose osteoporosis, more than 500 patients have been referred to the study by their family physicians. In the early years of the project, the researchers followed the patients to determine the effects of conventional therapies consisting of calcium supplementation to the diet and estrogen hormone medication. They discovered that calcium alone did not improve bone mass. There was a moderate increase in bone using estrogen and calcium in the first two years of treatment. But by the fifth year, bones began to thin again.

In 1981, however, the Toronto team began experimenting with sodium fluoride treatment. Patients were given 50 mg of the compound daily together with calcium

supplements and Vitamin D. A four-year follow-up study on a small sample of patients from the larger group was presented at the American Society for Bone and Mineral Metabolism Research conference in May 1985. The researchers reported some provocative findings: of the 21 patients in the study, 12 experienced significant increase in their bone mass, while nine had minimal change. "Some remarkably improved and some didn't — it wasn't clear why," Dr. Harrison says. "It may be in part that they have not been able to absorb the fluoride. Or they may have forgotten to take their pills."

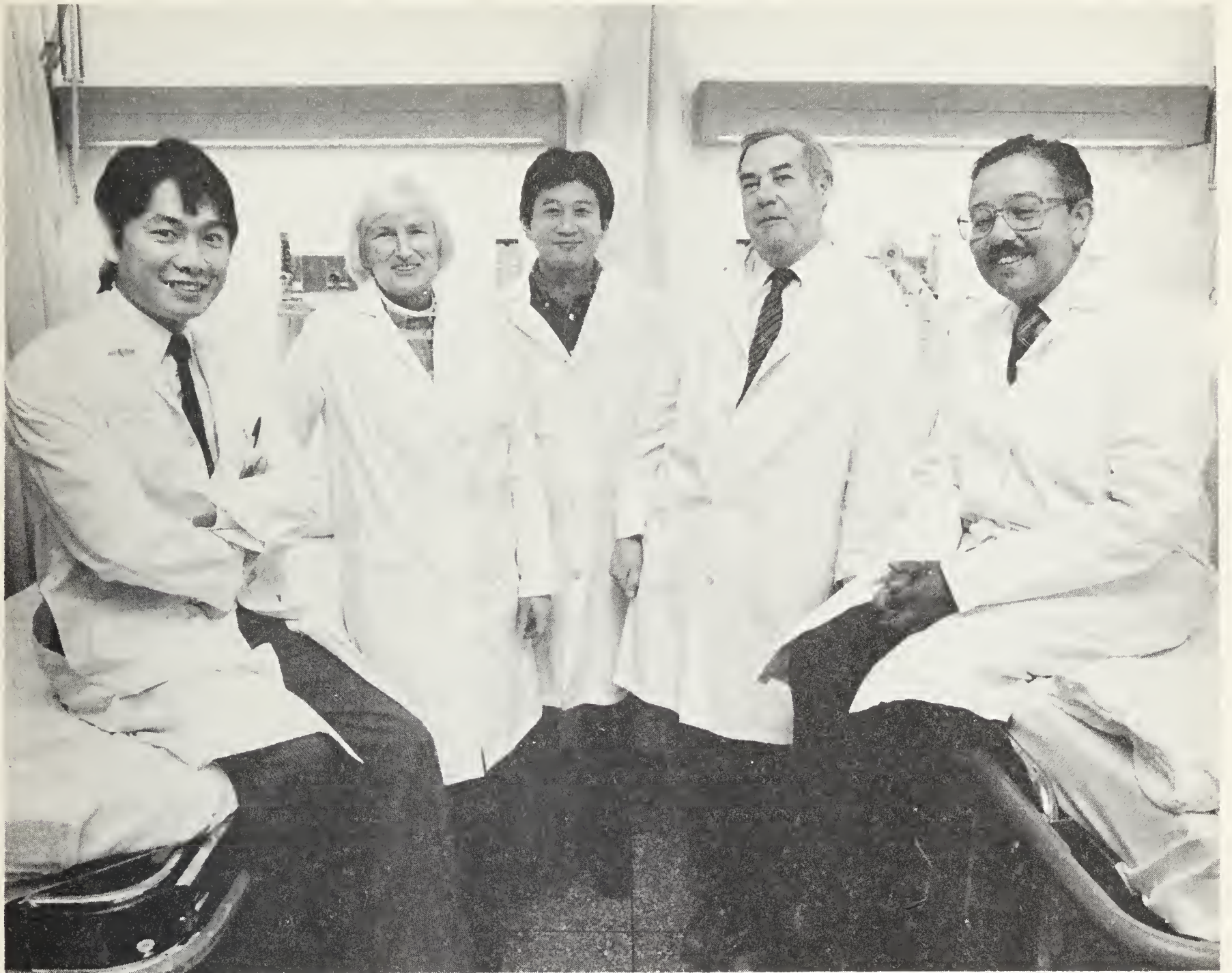
Many questions remain unanswered. The specialists do not know why the bone built up by the sodium fluoride treatment does not resemble normal bone formation. And, they are not sure whether the new bone will be able to resist fracture. Explains Dr. Arnold Bayley, an endocrinologist at St. Joseph's Hospital, who oversees 30 per cent of the patients in the main study: "By monitoring these people over a number of years, we may be able to unravel some of the mysteries."

Dr. Johan Heersche, a cell biologist and member of the Medical Research Council Group in Periodontal Physiology at the University, is looking at the problem from another point of view. Using both animal studies and bone tissue cultures, Heersche and his small band of researchers are studying the mechanisms that stimulate the production of bone building cells, osteoblasts, and the cells that get rid of old bone tissue, osteoclasts.

In one of their most recent experiments, Dr. Junya Kanehisa, post-doctoral research fellow with the group, removed a minute slice of bone from a rat treated with sodium fluoride. He then placed an osteoclast on the sample and found that it was not able to dig as deeply into the bone. The result, explains Heersche, is that there is more bone left, requiring less replenishment. But, he cautions, that experiment only involves one aspect of bone cell activity. "We also need to know how osteoclasts travel from the bone marrow, where they are manufactured, to new excavation sites, and how they are in fact recruited."

Another facet of the collaborative study involves the effects of exercise on bone formation. Doctors know that immobilized patients lose calcium rapidly, and NASA scientists have observed that astronauts lose calcium in space due to weightlessness. With that information in mind, Dr. Raphael Chow, head of rehabilitation medicine at Queen Elizabeth Hospital, devised a special exercise program for osteoporotics two years ago. Initially, there were only 30 patients in the study. Today, there are some 200 either attending the exercise sessions four times a week at the hospital, or doing the prescribed movements at home. All participants are given a fitness test to determine their suitability. Early test results show that the program is successful. "It is clear that exercise improves bone," Dr. Chow says. But those who exercise at the hospital do better, he adds, because the home group lacks motivation to keep up the exercises on their own.

Phyllis Tredgett, 70, was one of the first patients to be enrolled in the exercise program. Stooped and fragile, she has been suffering from the disease for 18 years. Sometimes, the pain in her severely curved back becomes so excruciating that she is forced to take pain



Raphael Chow, Joan Harrison, Junya Kanehisa, Kenneth McNeill and Arnold Bayley

killers and lie down. "It feels like a stabbing knife and I start feeling nauseous," she says. But Tredgett finds that the hospital exercise program helps strengthen her back and makes living more tolerable. "We have quite a group at the exercise program. We enjoy each other's company and derive psychological support."

Clearly, the key lies in prevention. "Because osteoporosis tends to run in families," says Dr. Bayley, "many of my patients' daughters are coming forward." Both Phyllis Tredgett's daughter, Cheryl, 39, and Katherine Moran's daughter, Martha, 45, are aware of their high risk of developing the disease early. Two years ago, Cheryl underwent a bone calcium index test, and now makes sure she drinks milk every day to meet her calcium needs. (An eight-ounce glass of skim milk has 317 mg. of calcium. About an ounce and a half of hard cheese equals 325 mg. And three-quarters of a cup of yogurt will supply 284 mg. Young women require about 800 to 1,000 mgs. a day, and post-menopausal women must take at least 1,500 mg.) Cheryl Tredgett was also prescribed special head, neck and pelvic exercises that

she practises on a regular basis. Dr. Chow taught her to bend her knees and keep her back straight instead of bending over from her waist. So far Cheryl has not experienced any premature symptoms of the disease.

Undoubtedly, more women like Cheryl and Martha need to be reached if osteoporosis is to be controlled. And to that end the Osteoporosis Society of Canada was formed two years ago in Toronto. It now has chapters in Montreal and Calgary and more than 6,000 members. The society's mandate is to help inform and educate the public and physicians who are not aware of osteoporosis, says Elizabeth Mason, the society's executive director. The organization is also attempting to raise at least \$250,000 in 1986 for research.

Even though researchers are still far from understanding the disease, they are optimistic. Dr. Harrison believes that three years from now sodium fluoride will likely be used in the routine treatment of osteoporosis. Although that good news comes too late for women such as Katherine Moran and Phyllis Tredgett, it provides some measure of hope for future generations. ■

OUTRAGEOUSLY INAPPROPRIATE

BY JUDITH KNELMAN

UNINTENTIONAL PUNS, ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE & THE ESSENTIAL PROBLEM OF AMBIGUITY

"YOU CAN GET A GOOD DEAL ON SHOES. YOU JUST have to be on your toes." Such a comment would pass unnoticed in most households, but not at Peter Reich's.

Reich and his wife collect unintentional puns, drawing one another's attention to slips of the tongue like "We tried out one of those two-person bathtubs — we could fit, but just barely," or "Thank you for driving me to work. It really gave me a lift."

Reich is a psycholinguist who teaches linguistics and psychology at U of T. His wife, Judith Bond, is a school speech and language pathologist. Both are professionally interested in speech, and when Reich became aware a couple of years ago that ordinary conversation is full of unintentional puns, they began writing them down. As far as Reich knows, no one else is studying the phenomenon or collecting examples of it.

They find them where they can. Speeding along the Gardiner Expressway one morning, his wife heard a broadcaster say that the Lightning Zipper Company was not a fly-by-night operation. Not one to let things slide, she zipped to the side of the road in a flash to record it.

Such puns are deliberate. An unintentional pun seems to come out of nowhere and is often entirely hilariously or outrageously inappropriate — or, as Prince Philip is reported to have said when he resigned from the Explorers' Club because it served hippopotamus and lion steaks at its annual dinner, in bad taste.

When the pun would be embarrassing to the speaker, you can be pretty sure that it was unintentional. A classic is the comment by Senator Jake Garn of Utah on the Reverend Jesse Jackson's mission to Syria to obtain the release of a downed flier: "Would Jackson have been over there if Lieutenant Goodman weren't a black?" he asked. "Sometimes you have to call a spade a spade."

Reich says such an association isn't a Freudian slip by a racist. It's the result of a perfectly natural process of speech production that takes place in the unconscious mind. Because the process is out of the speaker's conscious control, the brain's tendency to pick a word or phrase that has a secondary but irrelevant connection with part of the message is of particular interest to Reich. If an idiom comes to mind with a word in it that connects in some way with what has just been said, the odds are that's the one out of all the choices that will be articulated.

On a Metropolitan Opera intermission broadcast last spring Reich heard a commentator observe that as Wagner was a francophobe, the fact that his wife's mother was French must have galled him.

There are other ways of saying this, but Reich figures

the chance of saying it this way was twice as great as that of saying, for example, that it must have been a bitter pill for Wagner to swallow. He thinks that when speech is being formed, possible words and phrases stored in a person's neural network are activated. There will be more neurons firing on a given pathway if there is a connection with what has just been said. Because there is a stronger signal coming from that pathway, that's the one most likely to be chosen.

Reich's collection of verbal slips and his theory about how they happen tells psychologists and linguists something about the system of speech production. It confirms the theory of spreading activation — that the message being produced sets off a selection of associated words. The brain handles the operation so efficiently that the words are out of our mouths before we realize that there have been many choices. And it has implications for computer scientists, whose goal is to develop machines that understand ordinary language. Increasingly, they are leaning towards methods used by the brain, which has proved a highly efficient tool.

The components of a computer are much faster than a human being's neurons, but their number in even the largest present-day computer is tiny compared with the number of neurons in the human brain. So if we are ever to have a computer that can take part in conversation it will have to have thousands of elements weighing and selecting reasonable alternatives from the associations presented.

Comprehension is the other side of Reich's coin. Spreading activation helps us decide which alternative is the one intended. "He takes the car" means one thing if you're talking about how your neighbour gets to work, quite another if you're talking about a thief.

It is here that an interface occurs. Psychology deals with intelligence. There are others, like Professor Graeme Hirst of the Department of Computer Science, who would create it. (Hirst is the sort of man who puts a button on his bulletin board which proclaims that "Artificial intelligence is better than none.")

To understand language, a computer would have to be able to disambiguate — that is, to choose from possible meanings, cutting through unlikely possibilities the way a human being does. One example is the meaning of "He bought some alligator shoes." General knowledge tells us that, as alligators don't wear shoes and some shoes are made of alligator skin, the shoes must be made of alligator. But "He bought some horseshoes" means shoes for horses because horses wear shoes and shoes aren't made out of horses.

Could a computer call up such general knowledge and



Judith Bond and Peter Reich

sift through it? Reich doesn't see why not, if a structure could be organized in an appropriate network form. Information would be stored in the network, and as an entry was processed starting signals would be activated in several places, with one meaning emerging as stronger — more highly activated — than others.

Already, there are computers that can follow instructions given in ordinary language, and several companies are racing to produce a machine that can take dictation. By coincidence, the Artificial Intelligence Group at U of T has been building systems using networks similar to those that Reich describes. "The punning mechanism turns out to be the same as the one we're looking at for resolving ambiguities in language," says Graeme Hirst. "It gives us a good feeling to know we're on the same path as Peter Reich."

Reich doesn't think it's inconceivable that once we know how *we* are programmed, computers can be developed to act like human beings, but Hirst is sceptical. "Given unlimited funds, and a couple of hundred years, maybe we could do it. There seems, in principle at least, no reason why not. But is it something we really want to do? Would it be useful and worth the effort?"

He recalls a recent trip to a hospital emergency department to have a finger stitched up. Doubtless, a robot could be developed to handle the procedure, he says. "On the other hand, you don't often have to stitch up a finger."

Hirst is concentrating so hard on the subject matter that the link between "hand" and "finger" hasn't registered. But it isn't easy for a listener tuned in to unintentional puns to disregard them. ■

STAY AS LONG AS YOU LIKE

BY BOYD NEEL

AND HE DID FOR SEVENTEEN MORE MUSICAL YEARS

Boyd Neel was born in London in 1905. He attended the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth (passed out 1922 as Midshipman, R.N.) and then studied medicine at Cambridge (B.A. 1926) and St. George's Hospital Medical School, London (M.R.C.S. and L.R.C.P. 1930). He combined the practice of medicine and music and, in 1933, founded the Boyd Neel Orchestra. The orchestra was so successful, he turned to music as a career.

Neel came to Canada on tour with his orchestra in the fall of 1952. At that time, Sir Ernest MacMillan had just resigned as dean of music at U of T. The board that looked after the Conservatory for the university was responsible for finding Sir Ernest's successor. Chairman of the board was Edward Johnson, who had retired after many years as general manager of the Metropolitan Opera in New York and come back to his home town of Guelph.

Johnson first approached Neel about the deanship when he was in Toronto on the tour. Neel declined. Johnson went to London two months later, invited Neel to reconsider his decision and suggested that he come to Toronto and look it over. This appealed to Neel, who had been taken with what he had seen of the University.

The following passages, excerpted and condensed from My Orchestras and Other Adventures: The Memoirs of Boyd Neel, edited by J. David Finch, appear with the kind permission of the publisher. ©University of Toronto Press 1985.

IN APRIL OF 1953, I ARRIVED IN TORONTO AND SET ABOUT finding out things in detail. I had for some time been toying with the idea of one day, if ever I was free, taking a university job of some nature. I was installed in the Park Plaza Hotel, whence I issued forth on my tours of inspection. The first thing that struck me as quite wrong was the fact that the Faculty of Music, the Royal Conservatory, the Opera School, and other music student activities were all housed in a building which was nothing like large enough.

I met the principal of the Conservatory, Dr. Ettore Mazzoleni, for a few minutes and then the director of the Faculty of Music, Dr. Arnold Walter, who had a room on the second floor of the Conservatory. There was a library (so-called) with a few hundred books and scores, plus some old and terribly scratchy records. For some reason,

Sir Ernest MacMillan, whom I had understood to have resigned, was still installed in an office on the ground floor and when I asked Johnson where a new dean would work, he indicated some room with his finger. I watched the students at work and heard some fine talent.

While in Toronto, I met the president of the University, Sidney Smith, a bluff hail-fellow-well-met type with whom I got along very well. He acknowledged that he was tone deaf, but knew very well the value of music as a discipline on any campus. I also met the entire board at a large luncheon at the Hunt Club. Subtle hints were constantly dropped in my ear and I was given the royal treatment everywhere. Finally, I decided to come for a trial period of two academic years — eight months of each year. The remaining four months I would continue my musical activities around the world as before.

My first task was to try to create an atmosphere in which the staff and students could work happily. A long period of bitter internecine war had weakened the structure and brought the whole thing to the verge of bankruptcy.

I was horrified and kicked myself for not having looked into the finances in more detail. I was ready to pack and return to England, but first I went to the president and told him of the situation. All hell then broke loose. I kept out of it as much as I could, but was soon drawn into the fray. I said that unless I was given an advance of salary (dollars were impossible to get in the U.K. at that time) and an office to work in, I would go straight back to England. The president was astounded that I had not been given an office. I told him that I had been given a chair and a table out in the corridor which ran past MacMillan's old office. MacMillan had walked out of the building a few weeks previous to my arrival with the portrait of himself which hung in the hall under his arm. Johnson had immediately moved into his office, and was there when I arrived. Just what he was supposed to be doing there I never discovered, as he had no administrative position as board chairman. There he was, however, and he never even acknowledged my presence in the corridor as he went in and out! The Marx Brothers could not have done better.

This incredible situation was maintained for a few weeks until I informed the president of what was going on. He at once told Johnson to leave the building and not to show his face again; then gave orders for a complete renovation and refurnishing of the (my) office.

I turned my attention to the staff, or rather they turned their attention to me! I had made a speech outlining what I would consider the ideal size of a music school such as we had, and suggested that five hundred students instead of eighty-five hundred would be a more viable number. All hell broke loose again, and I was summoned (yes, that's the word) to "appear" before a meeting of the teachers and explain my speech. I shall never forget that afternoon — rows and rows of the fiercest-looking people I had ever seen faced me. I sat alone on a raised dais. My cross-examiners were a leading violin professor of some international reputation, and a theory professor who, I believe, was a church organist. The attack was bitter and direct. What business had I to come here and tell them what I considered to be an adequate-sized



JACK MARSHALL

school, and would I please make a public apology at once or things would be made very unpleasant for me. I refused to do anything of the kind and walked out. When I got back to my office, the president phoned to know if I was all right. I asked him why, and he said he had been attacked by a man in his office, who had threatened violence to both of us. I told him about the meeting. We met for a drink at the York Club and, I must say, had the best laugh I had had since I came to Canada. That night I had a phone call at 2:00 a.m. from an anonymous teacher who used more obscene language than even I, brought up in the navy, had ever heard, and told me to go back to England as soon as possible.

As my second year drew to a close, I went to see the president and told him my contract would be running out shortly. He asked me if I wanted to go on, and I said I had become intrigued with the place, and saw that the Faculty of Music could grow, if it were given a chance, into something quite formidable. I told him I had been

Boyd Neel, Ettore Mazzoleni, principal of the Conservatory, and Arnold Walter, director of the Faculty of Music, in the MacMillan Theatre of the Edward Johnson Building

working on all the influential people I could meet on the subject of a music building for the campus, without which we could never achieve much. I went to call on every member of the Board of Governors one by one, and put my case as strongly as I could. The response was quite wonderful, but it was to be another seven years before the first brick was laid. Anyway, I decided to give it all another two years' trial, and asked the president if I could have another contract or letter to that effect. He asked me why we should bother. "Just stay here as long as you like. We love having you with us," were his actual words, and for *seventeen* years I was just "there". The university could have fired me whenever it chose, and I could have walked out whenever I wished. Surely this

must have been unique in university history? And what a wonderful arrangement of trust and friendship!

It took seven years to get permission to build a new music building, but, finally, after much lobbying in the right quarters, the exciting news came through that we could go ahead.

I had a splendid committee to work with. The architects were wonderfully co-operative and I am afraid we gave them a pretty rough time. It is extraordinary how few people have any idea of what an opera theatre is like. When we got to the details of the orchestra pit, the architects were astounded at the size of the area we asked for. Such a thing was beyond anything they had ever imagined in their wildest dreams. Finally we had to suggest that they go down to Massey Hall and look at the area required for a symphony orchestra on the platform. We explained that many operas require an orchestra the size of a full symphony playing in the pit. I think this gave them the greatest shock of all, but I must say they took it very well.

Construction proceeded, much of it pioneer work, as there were not all that many new music buildings connected with universities at that time.

The building was opened in 1962 and very quickly became world-famous. I spent many hours showing it to people from as far away as Japan, India, and New Zealand.

One unexpected visitor was Rostropovich, who was playing the Dvořák Concerto with the Toronto Symphony. Somebody phoned my office in the morning of the concert and said that Rostropovich had expressed a wish to see the music building, about which he had heard so much. I said I would be delighted to show him around. About half an hour later another phone call, this time from the cellist himself, asking if he could come and rehearse the Dvořák Concerto with our student orchestra. I thought this would be a wonderful lesson for our students, so all classes were cancelled and the stage set up for the rehearsal. The great man arrived, straightway sat down, and off we went. He played the whole work through without stopping and seemed to be enjoying himself enormously, singing along with the music much of the time. The students were wonderful and played better than I had ever heard them. At the end everybody applauded each other, and by that time the word had gone around and the theatre was nearly full, having been quite empty when we began. I naturally expected Rostropovich would leave us and rest before the concert, but to my amazement, he said: "Now we play it again!" And, sure enough, he played the whole thing, which lasts a good forty minutes, for the second time.

By the end of the repeat performance the theatre was jam-packed with hundreds standing at the back and a line-up waiting at the doors. The news had spread all over the campus. After embracing everyone on the platform, Rostropovich said: "Now I take all the cellos down to the rehearsal room," and down they went to receive a lesson none of them will ever forget. He must have barely had time to change and get to the hall to play the concerto once more with the Symphony at the evening concert. What astounding energy the man had!

This applause business is becoming one of the major curses of our contemporary scene and, if something drastic isn't done about it soon, musical people, that is people who like listening to music, will cease going to operas and ballets altogether. Opera, of course, is the hardest hit of all. I haven't yet heard applause during the music in a concert hall, but it is becoming quite common at the opera and the ballet. It has got to the pitch now where we reckon we will hear about two-thirds of any performance we go to. The curtain has only to rise disclosing a bare stage and maybe one chair in a corner, for a tumult of clapping to break out — very often during some exquisite music from the pit. What is the applause for? Surely our newspaper critics could do more than they do? I have seldom seen a complaint in their writings, yet it must annoy them as much as it does us. One of the critics in Toronto, to do him justice, was finally roused to fury in a very good attack on the clapping fraternity, but it seems to have had little effect. Some scenes in operas end with the most beautiful music of the score, which is seldom heard for the noise.

We felt the orchestra should have an "official" name. Many were suggested and, while the discussion was under way, a group of students from the university approached me and asked whether I would consider giving a few concerts in the Great Hall at Hart House during the ensuing academic year on Sunday evenings. Here was the obvious name for the orchestra, and it would also carry on the tradition of the Hart House String Quartet, which had made an international reputation in the 1920s and 30s.

The Hart House Orchestra made its debut in a concert for the Women's Musical Club on November 25, 1954. Columbia Artists sent up a representative, a tour for the following year was immediately booked, and the Sunday evening concerts were started at Hart House.

So popular did the Sunday night concerts become that a crisis arose which almost wrecked the series. The outside public began to attend in ever greater numbers until, on a famous Bach evening, the line-up stretched right across the campus. Unfortunately, many in the line-up were students who had bought series tickets and who never got into the concert at all. The next day, the president sent for me and said he thought the whole thing had got out of hand, and that we must bear in mind that the concerts were given by the students for the students.

It must be remembered that in those days, nothing whatever took place in Toronto on a Sunday night unless admission was free, and we knew we had been breaking the law when admission had to be charged to the public. We had got round the difficulty by selling tickets in advance so that no money was taken at the door. This worked for a while, but the Lord's Day Alliance raised a first-class rumpus at the fact that the minds of our students were being polluted by listening to Bach and Mozart on Sunday instead of sitting at home watching television. This developed into a famous landmark in Toronto history, because it led to the changing of the law in Ontario.

All this, of course, was the most fantastic publicity for the concerts, and the applications for tickets became a flood. We realized, however, that the original purpose of



Above: The Hart House Orchestra in Sunday evening concert

Opposite: Edward Johnson, Boyd Neel and Sidney Smith

the concerts had been by now completely forgotten, and that they had become something that their originators had never intended. This state of affairs had also caused me intense embarrassment as a working musician, because I had always given my services for the concerts, regarding them as part of my job as dean of music, and part of my obligation to the students, when they were now, in fact, ordinary public concerts, which could just as well have been held at Massey Hall or the Eaton Auditorium.

Ridiculous situations began to arise. For instance, I can remember giving a Saturday night concert in Weston (a twenty-minute drive from Hart House) to a large public audience that had paid for admission and, of course, we all performed as professional musicians and received our usual fees. The next evening we played at Hart House to, for all I know, some of the same people who had heard us the night before, and I received no fee at all. The concerts had led me into an anomalous position as far as my professional status was concerned.

There was only one solution, and that was to return to the original idea of the concerts as private affairs for *bona fide* students who would be admitted free.

We were back to the days of the 78s when the vibrations of the microphone went directly to the needle cutting the wax. "Direct-to-disc" records were a nightmare for the recording artists because, whereas in the old 78 days you could only record for about four minutes at a time, with these you made a whole side of a long-playing record, lasting maybe for twenty minutes. Not only that, but if there was a mistake, you could not just snip it out of the tape in the usual way, but had to go right back to the beginning of the record and do it all over again. So it was possible to make a perfect record for nineteen and a half minutes and then make a mistake, so that you had to start all over again. You can well imagine the effect on the nerves of the poor performer!

The making of the direct-to-disc records, however, gave me a great deal of pleasure because I felt that they were complete "performances" with no faking possible, just as were the old 78s. I'm all in favour of "live" performances being recorded. This is looked at askance by the tape-editing fraternity, because they couldn't then ply their trade with the scissors. I have heard, however, of a recording of an opera which was a montage or collage of eight live performances and sixty rehearsals! So the white-coated brigade had the last laugh.

COMPOSITIONS OF NOTE

BY ARTHUR KAPTAINIS

LOTHAR KLEIN DOESN'T SO MUCH TEACH AS CHALLENGE. HIS STUDENTS THRIVE

WHEN HUANG AN-LUN, WHO GOES IN THE WEST AS Aaron Huang, submitted his symphonic poem *The Sword* to Lothar Klein of U of T's Faculty of Music, the reaction was dramatic. "After he read it," Huang remembered, "he stood up and said, 'Aha! A new Aaron is born!'" Huang's fellow composition students congratulated him. *The Sword* showed clear, yes, significant traces of the techniques of the contemporary Polish composer Krzysztof Penderecki, who had been the subject of recent Klein seminars. For a student whose previous compositions included passages Tchaikovsky might have chastised for undue conservatism, *The Sword* was a watershed. It is a wonder the veteran composer for Peking's Central Opera Theatre did not pass out cigars.

Huang came by his 19th century idiom naturally. His father, a conductor and professor at the Peking Conservatory, had studied briefly with the German-born American composer Paul Hindemith in the 1940s, but the 1949 revolution — also the year of Aaron's birth — put an end to any further updating of the Huang musical household.

Indeed, the Cultural Revolution put an end to virtually all the exposure Huang enjoyed to traditional Western music. One day the Red Guards paid a visit to the Conservatory; Huang saw his father manacled and beaten on the concert hall stage. Later the family library was destroyed. Huang himself was compelled to labour in the countryside, but he continued to compose operas, sometimes in committees, but often with popular success. His talent stood out to *The Globe and Mail* correspondent in Peking, John Fraser, whose former post at the newspaper had been dance and music critic.

It was partly at Fraser's urging that Huang arrived in Toronto in 1981 to undertake a crash course in modern music history. For Klein, Huang was a unique case, not only because of the Chinese-folk cast of his melodies, but because of his antiquarian perspective on the Western tradition. "He came to us really with good knowledge of the classics," said Klein, whose typical student arrives with an exhaustive knowledge of the latest blip-beep-squawk composer and perhaps a faint recollection of having once heard Beethoven's Fifth. "Aaron wrote impeccable harmony, which I gather he learned while he was in some sort of camp. He really is gifted; he hears traditional harmony wonderfully. It was my job to open a new world to him, to suggest that he become acquainted with this or that 20th century piece."

Yet Klein's agenda was not to suppress Huang's romance with the past; it was to quicken it with a sense of the present. "When I first saw this music, I was shocked," remembered Huang, "I couldn't understand it at all. Later on I got some ideas from it.

"But Klein always said: I can introduce new music to you, but you must keep your own style, because you are a Chinese composer."

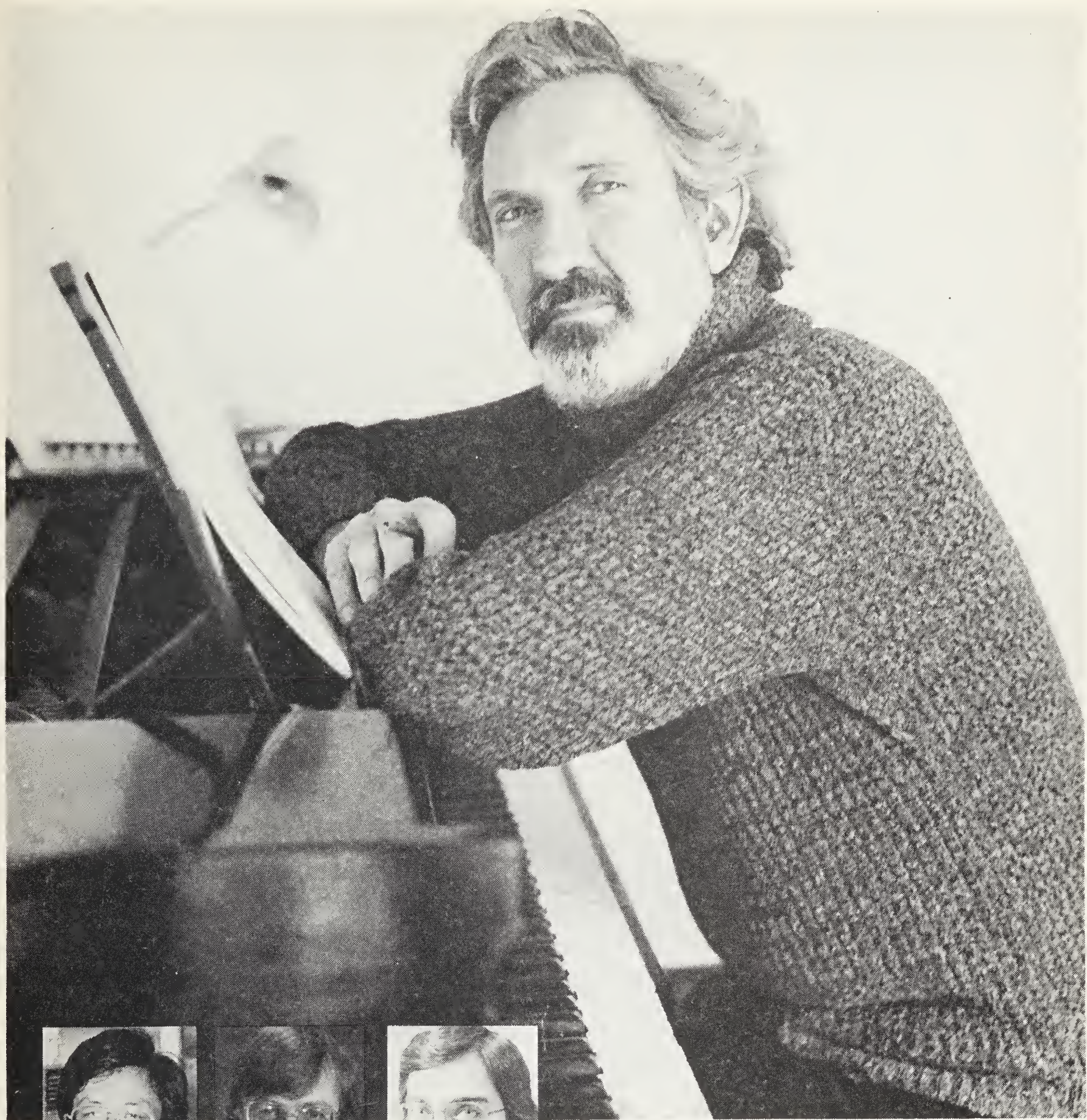
This philosophy has drawn many talented students of all stripes to Klein. Martin Van de Ven, a 27-year-old Dutch-born clarinetist who recently won the Sir Ernest MacMillan Award from CAPAC, a composers' copyright organization, was practically Huang's opposite. His father, an amateur double bass player, listened as a hobby to free jazz, Berio and Varese; Martin grew up exercising these idioms as a clarinetist in various pop, reggae, jazz and experimental bands, adding electronic music to his vocabulary at the Institute for Sonology in Utrecht. To him, Mozart and Haydn were ancient curiosities. He came to U of T because he knew that Klein, the author of compositions with titles as diverse as *Musica Antiqua*, *Paganini Collage* and *Musique a Go-Go*, would not be hostile to his jazz interests.

This is not to say Klein smiles benignly at everything from a distance: he will quiz students on any number of details. Van de Ven's prize-winning composition (and master's thesis — graduate student composers submit and defend scores rather than monographs) is a concerto for soprano clarinet called *Conversations*. When the final movement was half complete, Klein urged him strongly to rescore the orchestral accompaniment for double rather than single woodwinds. Van de Ven did not budge. "He was right in pointing out that at that particular place in the score it would be difficult to orchestrate without the extra woodwinds," concedes the student. But Van de Ven wanted single woodwinds to emphasize the sense of dialogue with the solo saxophone.

Fine, said Klein. "He doesn't press his point any further," says Van de Ven. "That was never a problem. He would point out certain things, and I would have an appropriate response ready, because I know him pretty well, and the kinds of things he might complain about."

The doctoral thesis of another Klein student, Richard Romiti, last year earned the \$5,000 George F. Eastman Prize from the University of Rochester's Eastman School of Music. "I really don't feel he *imposed* anything at all on the piece," said Romiti, referring to his 1982 *Palingenesis for Flute and Small Orchestra*. "He encouraged me to try things I perhaps previously wasn't comfortable or familiar with. But his influence on me was not so much an updating as a broadening, giving me a greater awareness of music in general. In a sense his influence was less on my style than on my pre-composition plans."

There are limits to Klein's tolerance: minimalism, he says, though the fad of the hour, stands in relation to serious music as does see-Spot-run to serious literature.



Lothar Klein

Opposite, left to right: Aaron Huang, Martin Van de Ven and Richard Romiti

But the process of teaching composition remains to Klein a liberalizing endeavour, whether by overcoming a student's rebellious rejection of the classics or accidental ignorance of the avant-garde. At its *most* coercive, it remains a Socratic prodding of the student into an awareness of his own beliefs. "A musical psychiatrist," Klein calls himself.

The method has proved successful: Huang is pursuing a master's degree at Yale (he was a special student at U of T) and is achieving increasing renown in the west for his dramatic (and now, individual) tonal language. A

suite from his ballet, *Dream of Dun Huang*, will be performed by the Toronto Symphony this fall, having already found a market in Sydney, Australia. He is still, of course, China's most popular young composer. Romiti teaches at Providence College and hears himself performed regularly by a Rhode Island composers' collective. Van de Ven says he still has competitions to win before he can consider himself a successful composer; in the meantime, he will teach privately and perhaps rekindle old reggae friendships. No doubt, with Klein's blessing. ■

KEYING IN TOUCH

BY BARBARA WADE ROSE

AN ELECTRONIC NETWORK BRINGS THE GLOBAL VILLAGE TO ACADEME

ON A TYPICAL MORNING PH.D. STUDENT MURRAY Mazer reads two newspapers. The first is *The Globe & Mail* he scans for news and hockey scores in the breakfast room at Trinity College, where he is a tutorial don in computer science. Mazer then usually walks to the fourth floor of the Sandford Fleming Building, gathers the morning's mail from his box in the computer science graduate students' common room, and sits down at a computer terminal outside his office to open up his second paper by pressing a few buttons.

"Hello, are you awake?" Mazer asks when he types in a command and the screen remains blank. It answers with a soft "bong". "Ah, it's awake," he says and carefully types in "mazoo" as his identification. The computer offers as a greeting: "The amount of work to be done increases in proportion to the amount of work already completed."

"This is just like *The Globe's* morning smile," Mazer explains to a visitor. "It comes from a computer program called Fortune," as in cookie. He then types in information about the network he wants to reach.

The computer tells him there is news. Mazer sips at a can of orange juice as he settles down for 10 or 15 minutes' reading before starting the day's work. "It's rather interesting to realize," he says, "that each day engineers and computer scientists are probably doing this across Canada and around most of the world." What they are doing is reading the news about science — and anything else scientists like to talk about — in articles or messages they write themselves. Computer Systems Research Institute (CSRI) laboratory manager David Galloway, who administers the network for the University of Toronto, explains that there are no editors for the hundreds of topics, called newsgroups, that scientists may contribute to. There are also no costs other than site-to-site linkups, which are paid by university departments. All contributors volunteer their information and their time in writing it.

"In the course of a day," says Mazer as he scans headlines with the tap of a terminal key, "you might get one article by a professor at Stanford University in California, another one from a graduate student at the

Massachusetts Institute of Technology . . ." Mazer's voice trails off. "Look, speaking of which, here's an article by someone responding to Minsky's definition of artificial intelligence." Martin Minsky is an MIT professor renowned for his work in robotics. He defines artificial intelligence as "the science of making machines do things that would require intelligence if done by men." In this article, another scientist has offered his opinion of the definition. Mazer quickly looks through the article and then proceeds to another newsgroup.

"No," he mutters as the type shifts up the terminal screen, "I don't want to read another article about what the Leafs' losing means to Canadian nationalism." He looks quickly through the hockey headlines, one of nine newsgroups he subscribes to.

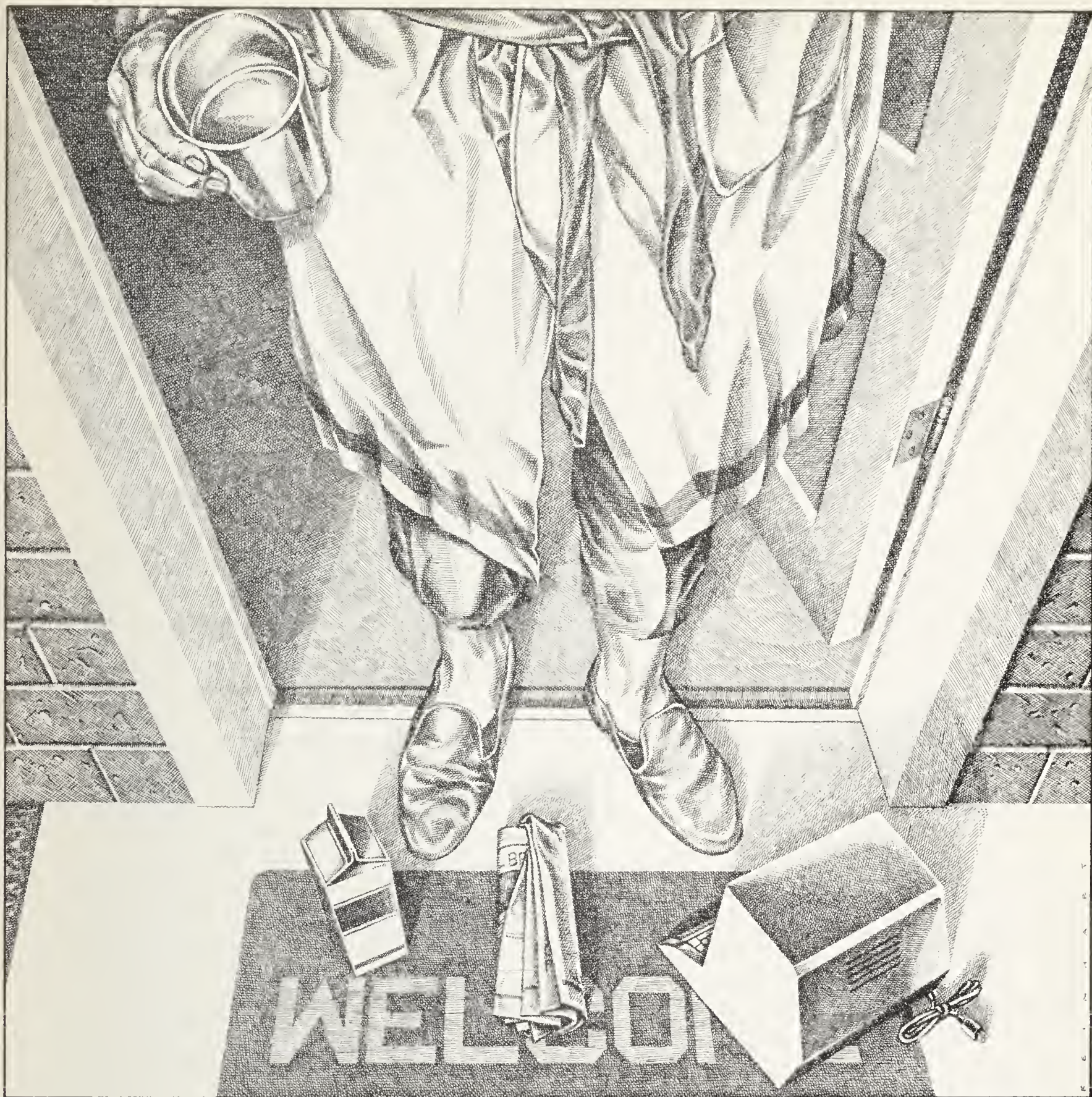
When Mazer became a graduate student four years ago it was about the same time the University of Toronto linked electronically with the computer network known as USENET. It connects U of T with 1,000 universities and scientific corporations around the world, from Amsterdam's Vakgroep Informatica to Hawaii's planetary geosciences department. The U of T sites receiving USENET include CSRI where Mazer hooks up, two engineering departments, the Erindale and Scarborough campuses, the "ut zoo" electronic address at the Department of Zoology and the Faculty of Dentistry's two sites of "ut jaws" and "ut teeth".

At first, Mazer says about novice users like he used to be, it's like a new toy. He started out subscribing to 25 different topics with the desire to read as much as he could about anything of interest, given the constraints of a 24-hour day and a master's thesis to write. Mazer soon tired of whittling away over an hour's worth of time each morning and instead trimmed his number of chosen topics down to nine, most of which are technical — the network offers such topics as data communications and information on software and hardware problems in a newsgroup entitled bugs. It was no great sacrifice, Mazer says, since there is always a good deal of deadwood on the network. "I kept hoping," he recollects, "that there would be something in the next article that would make it worthwhile."

Henry Spencer is one of the network regulars who keeps right on hoping. Spencer programs the computer at the Ramsey Wright Zoological Laboratories in the midst of rooms decorated with stuffed birds and pinned butterflies. He has devoted an enormous amount of volunteer time to USENET over the last four years, handling requests for new newsgroups and dealing with flames — complaints, in computer parlance — from his supply-cupboard office. Spencer was the programmer who originally got the U of T signal from USENET and, fascinated with the results, set out to read everything. "In the beginning," he says, "that only meant 10 minutes a day."

The newsgroups grew in number and size until Spencer was asking his computer, after an hour's worth of reading a day, to save material he didn't really want in the computer's memory much as the diligent worker-brooms in the Sorcerer's Apprentice carried buckets of water, until Spencer was awash in a sea of USENET information. He now subscribes to 119 newsgroups, but only reads around 30 on a regular basis. He recently

Barbara Wade Rose is a freelance writer and computer net enthusiast.



MICHAEL REINHART

stopped receiving the Canadian politics newsgroup altogether — one of his favourite non-technical newsgroups — because “it was taking too much time. There were just so many things I wanted to comment on.”

He still contributes 15 to 20 articles a week to USENET as “one of the more regular contributors,” he says modestly, and his short answer to a question about the amount of time he spends each day reading the network news is “too much.”

In spite of the tenuous connection between political discussions and the day’s work, Spencer feels a network such as USENET knits the diverse scientific community into a tighter social fabric whatever people discuss. “The public’s perception of scientists as amoral,” he says, “may come from them seeing scientists who are uncomfortable speaking to people. One aspect of a computer

network is that it encourages people to speak out who otherwise might not.” Mazer comments: “It’s important to get away from the dryness of technical research.”

And although David Galloway is the person who has to justify to the University administration the hundreds of dollars in long-distance telephone time for USENET that may include articles on Star Trek or singles’ meetings, he’s sympathetic to a certain amount of network discussion on politics or hobbies. “You have to remember that this, as any other network, is made up of people,” he says. “They’re interested in more things than just their jobs. Stuff may turn up in a newsgroup that turns out to be quite important.”

He was proven right this past spring when Canada was invited by U.S. President Ronald Reagan to participate in the Strategic Defense Initiative, a controversial space-

based weapons defence system still pinned to the drawing-board in the Pentagon and dubbed Star Wars by the press. Although their opinions were not necessarily valued by interest groups or the media (one newspaper editor said privately, "in the end these academic types have zilch influence on today's breed of politician"), Canadian scientists quickly used the Canadian portion of the USENET computer network as a sort of cross-country conference table to debate whether or not they wanted to take part in Star Wars.

It started in late March when a University of British Columbia professor sent an article to the network news saying that a firm "no" was the only appropriate answer to Reagan's invitation. "Canadian participation would lead to the militarization of the Canadian scientific community," he wrote. A scientist at a Toronto corporation that subscribes to USENET countered with the proposal that Canada "support its NATO allies and the United States" and participate. "Militarization of scientific research is not an automatic result of Star Wars," he concluded. "Less dollars for other work is lamentable, but defence may be more important to more people."

By mid-April almost 10 articles a day on the topic dubbed Star Wars North were transmitted to hundreds of scientists across the country, in newsgroups that normally generate one or two articles a week. U of T scientists contributed a voluble and vociferous number of articles on the subject, debating among themselves and with scientists at other universities. Yves Lesperance of the CSRI presented a technical scenario of what he thought would happen if a Star Wars type of system went on alert. Jim Clarke, a lecturer in computer science, said simply, "The whole thing scares me to death." Henry Spencer contributed his opinions in over a dozen articles, sometimes two in a row. Mark Hume, a U of T graduate student in computer science who writes articles for USENET even less often than Lesperance or Clarke, and certainly less than Spencer, wrote in detail about the Star Wars problem that "it's easier to overwhelm an intricate system than to make it work." Asked why he felt compelled to thump his workstation in aid of the cause, Hume recalls cheerfully, "there was a real feeling of excitement there for a while."

Computer science professor Graeme Hirst was delighted by the medium and the messages it generated. "It's never really been done before," he said when Star Wars North was firing off missiles of thought in all directions. "It brings a whole new method of debating that's entirely good."

Another issue that resulted from the Star Wars North discussion was started by Eugene Kligerman, a graduate student in computer science, who asked in a 1200-word article, "What is research all about?" and with colleague Martin MacPhail challenged USENET readers to go on record as to whether they would be willing to accept military money for research or not. At the University of Western Ontario, which has the electronic address of "deepthot", one scientist did some deep thinking and wrote, "I think we are fortunate in Canada that computer science research has not been funded much from military budgets." Countered a colleague at the University of Waterloo, "If the Department of Defence were to

offer me money for rehabilitation, medical, or other non-death-dealing research, I wouldn't hesitate to grab it."

A curious post script at the bottom of his letter added, "Hmmm. The Irish Republican Army is funding research into mail handling techniques . . ."

While the rules of discussion are few (and usually unstated, although there is an arbiter of taste and fashion at the AT&T Bell Labs in Columbus, Ohio who is willing to send anyone his thoughts on the subject), certain things are generally understood. Flames are discouraged over the network news, as they are more appropriate in the dialogue possible with electronic mail or, better still, in person. Wit, especially sarcasm, is as difficult to detect in luminous type as it is elsewhere in print, explains Galloway, "so people use what's called a smiley face." A comment by Kligerman that, "as soon as the Soviets see what an ideal society we have created, they will certainly follow our example" was followed by the smiley face symbol.

:-)

Tilt your head to the left to see the smile.

Whenever argument rears up and heads out of the corral of thoughtful discussion (which does happen occasionally), there is no editor to write a little italicized box saying "That concludes discussion on this topic", nor a censor to brand the offending prose. But censor boards would be wise to take note: rude remarks or personal attacks are harnessed before they go too far by common courtesy — offenders are bombarded with electronic letters of complaint. Forty letters in response to that tactless remark you made about your rival's research can be difficult to digest so soon after breakfast.

On Mazer's desk in the pile of mail he picked up this morning is a concrete — well, a somewhat lighter — example of the benefits of USENET for its users. It's a technical paper written by a scientist at the Centre for the Study of Language and Information in California on a topic related to Mazer's doctoral thesis. Someone made a reference to the paper on the network news that Mazer saw one morning during his orange juice and observations. He then used the network to send an electronic mail request to California for the paper. The request, passed on from site to site, arrived in California and was filled in less than a day. The usual finely tuned service of the post office sped the parcel to his mail slot three weeks later. Mazer shakes his head. "At some point," he comments, "you say 'I'm just not interested in handling paper any more'."

He regularly exchanges technical information and scientific gossip with a close friend who's studying computer science at the University of Texas at Austin. He also mentions that a scientist at the University of California at Berkeley once sent in a series of questions about a research topic, asking for help. Since it was an area in which Mazer felt he could be of assistance, he noted the scientist's electronic address and sent her a message outlining the topics they could discuss. An electronic dialogue has resulted, and "we'll both benefit from it," he says. He's finished his newspaper reading for the morning, but he'll check the network once more during the day and before he goes home, like a fisherman testing his lines. An interesting catch usually awaits. ■

WRITERS HAVE DONE THE WORK — WHERE ARE THE READERS?



THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT HAS done its part in nurturing a national literature, says Professor W.J. Keith, and the writers have done their part. But will it survive? That, in large part, is up to Canadian readers, who so far have not shown a great deal of interest in Canadian literature.

Some Canadians don't read much of anything. Though the standard of literacy is officially high here, the quantity and quality of reading are "depressingly low," says Keith, the author of a recently published survey, *Canadian Literature in English*. (Academic Press)

Keith believes Canadian readers who stick to American authors are missing out on something. "I'm not a shrieking Canadian nationalist," he says, "but one has to speak up for our literature. We have some very interesting things being written, but a lot of people who'd read them as a matter of course if they were by American or British authors ignore them because they don't think Canadian literature is the kind of thing that a culturally sophisticated person reads."

Many Canadian readers pay attention only to American books, says Keith, because they are better publicized and cheaper than our own. "And it isn't just a matter of being near a culturally aggressive country, but one whose population outnumbers ours 10 to one and uses the same language."

The Canada Council and the Social

Sciences and Humanities Research Council have stimulated the growth of Canadian literature with grants to writers, subventions to publishers and research support to universities, where a large part of the readership lies. But the councils cannot legislate taste. Says Keith: "They have artificially encouraged the literature, which is splendid, but I don't think that the readership has been developed. One ought not to need to have such complete support. There's a lot of Canadian literature being read by a rather small number of people. How often do Canadian books get on the high sales lists even in Canada?"

Keith believes a properly literate Canadian should know the best that has been written in English and the good things that have been written by Canadians. He is not claiming that Canadians have produced literature of a quality to equal the works of Shakespeare and Milton, but that the fiction and poetry they have produced is of value to someone living in this tradition and culture.

"If you read only Canadian literature, you wouldn't really know how it relates to what's going on elsewhere," he says. "But culturally inquisitive people should learn about what's going on in the literature of their own country." Canadian writing, he believes, provides a view of things that is North American but not American. "There's an ability to stand back from what is going on and look at it

in terms of ordinary human beings trying to cope with a complicated world. Canadians don't assume that what they think is right for everybody else."

An Englishman, he decided not long after he'd settled here and earned a doctorate in 19th-century non-fiction prose that he should find out about the literature of the country he was living in. One of the first Canadian works he read was Irving Layton's *A Red Carpet for the Sun*, which he found exciting. Gradually he worked his way through McClelland and Stewart's New Canadian Library. As he went further afield, he didn't find, in the 1960s, much help from Canadian literary critics. Most criticism of Canadian literature is thematic, though there are by now a significant number of studies of individuals as well, and a sprinkling of genre studies, but with the possible exception of Desmond Pacey's *Creative Writing in Canada*, first published in 1952, there was no critical history of Canadian literature until his own appeared.

"Most other countries that I know have lots of these things available, but Canadian literary critics have never shown a great deal of interest in surveys," says Keith. So when Longman's asked him to contribute to its Literature in English series, he jumped at the chance to rectify the omission. The book is meant as a reference work for Canadian studies programs all over the world — and they are increasing at an amazing rate, says Keith, who regularly answers inquiries from universities who want to establish them — but will also work well in providing a background for Canadian readers who need to fit what they're reading into a larger context.

Where to begin if you want to explore Canadian literature? In fiction, Keith suggests Mordecai Richler's *The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravetz*, *The Stone Angel* and *A Jest of God* by Margaret Laurence, *The Blue Mountains of China* and *The Scorched-Wood People* by Rudy Wiebe, *Fifth Business* by Robertson Davies, the short stories of Mavis Gallant and Alice Munro, and *The Invention of the World* by Jack Hodgins. The poets to read are E.J. Pratt, A.M. Klein, Earle Birney, Layton, Margaret Atwood and Al Purdy. ■



TO EACH STUDENT COMES A TIME OF AWAKENING

TO EACH STUDENT THERE COMES A TIME OF AWAKENING, the first time one becomes aware of the power of intellectual activity. In that moment the student begins to perceive the richness and the rigour of the university experience.

This happened to me, to my children, and, I hope, to each of you. I have seen it happening to others, to many of my own students, as they began to understand the molecular basis of living processes and to have an appreciation of the exquisite regulatory mechanisms that operate in living cells. It could happen just as well to students who discover the patterns and idioms of another language. Or to students who, in reading history, recognize that their lives and the events which surround them are part of a larger, more complex and, in some surprising aspects, timeless context.

It is at this point that our students, most of whom have first class high school records, cease to take their intellectual ability for granted. They begin to doubt themselves or they hold the University in awe. But that is the critical first step on a path towards the acquisition of the basic elements of the craft of an academic discipline and the first tentative application of its skills.

I met some students this fall, just after they had entered University College, and they told me that after being at the University for only a day or two they were really worried. They had quickly become aware that the expectations the University had of them were considerably greater than they had imagined. Although I was sorry that they were so apprehensive, I was not surprised by it. The encounter caused me to reflect on how grave our failure would be if the University let them down by not offering to them the very challenges and demands about which they were so worried. Ironically, the University's greatest service to these students will not be to relieve their apprehensions, but to fulfil them.

The University of Toronto is fortunate in having students who want an intellectual challenge, and who are academically equipped to meet one. We attract about a third of the province's top 1,500 high school graduates, the obviously bright students who have grade 13 averages of 90 per cent or better. Students of this calibre contribute to the creative, competitive, demanding and ultimately stimulating environment that we all know as the University of Toronto.

Most of these students are capable of quite remarkable

academic achievement. We owe them an opportunity to discover all of their potential. There are other students whose records are sound but less distinguished, who also discover that they can thrive in an intellectual environment and rise to its challenges.

All of this causes me to be concerned about our capability to select students reliably. There is no Maxwell's demon to sort out those students who are best matched to the environment of the University of Toronto, who are most likely to be transformed by living and working in the community of the University, and who will ultimately make contributions beyond the ordinary to Ontario, Canada and the world.

In most cases students are admitted to the University on the basis of grade reports which represent achievement as judged by their high school teachers. These are important first-hand assessments. None alone is better. But they are nonetheless only one expression of a student's academic capability.

I am pleased that the University of Toronto this year took what at this time in Ontario is an unusual step. We have begun to use a special form on which prospective students can provide supplementary information about themselves, if they choose. These forms, called "student profiles", are taken into account in the admissions process. It is hard to generalize about the impact of the profiles. In some cases they have had a major influence on the selection process. In other cases, their influence is negligible. But what is important is that the university wants to know about prospective students as individuals, and has put in place an effective means by which students can tell us something about themselves which grades cannot represent.

The University also has become deeply and directly involved in the development of a new secondary curriculum for Ontario, called OS:IS (Ontario Schools: Intermediate and Secondary). Several of our best professors are serving on the committees that are developing and reviewing guidelines for new courses in virtually every subject area. It is too early to predict the impact of OS:IS, but our hope is that it will produce even stronger students than we now are pleased to be able to consider.

These are positive steps that do credit to the University and reinforce its position of leadership in higher education in Canada. But speaking of the University of

Toronto's role in Canada, I must observe that, as rich a resource as our students are, they are predominantly from southern Ontario. On one hand, we should count the University fortunate to be situated in an area that is so richly populated by young persons — indeed persons of all ages — who aspire to a university experience and have the capability to benefit from it. But on the other hand, the University of Toronto is capable of providing a uniquely valuable experience to young persons from throughout Canada and beyond. And by their presence in the University community a greater diversity of students would further enrich the intellectual life of the University.

Among my objectives for the University is to attract more Canadians from outside the southern Ontario region and more students from outside Canada. There are many able students, probably in the thousands, who might come to the University of Toronto if they knew that here they would find a welcoming environment in which they could take root, make new friends, and discover a great university in a great city. The city of Toronto is a wonderful place to be at any time, but when you are 19 or 20 years old, it can be fantastic.

A more sophisticated selection process can help us achieve this objective. If we attract a greater variety of students, we must be prepared to consider a greater variety of academic credentials. But we are taking other steps as well. We now have Alumni Schools Committees in cities across Canada and in the United States. The committees, which are auxiliaries of the Office of Admissions, provide a personal point of contact for prospective students outside the Toronto area. Our publications for prospective students have been improved to provide a better and, especially, a more comprehensive picture of the University and the opportunities that it offers.

I am also hopeful that in the not too distant future we can improve our scholarship and residence programs to make the University even more accessible to students from all parts of Canada and all parts of the world.

George E. Connell

President

LETTERS

READER RECALLS 1930 DUNKING OF EDITOR

THE ARTICLE "A HUNDRED YEARS OF Mischief" in the most recent issue brought to mind an incident that happened in the fall of 1930, my first year at the university.

I was swimming in the Hart House pool when to my amazement I observed four stalwart young men carrying another — fully clothed — young man and hurling him into the pool. The hapless victim emerged with an air of resignation.

An explanation appeared in the next issue of *The Varsity*. It seems that the victim was Andrew Allen, editor of *The Varsity*, who in a previous issue had maligned Brig. Gen. Mitchell, dean of S.P.S. Naturally, it aroused the ire of the leaders of the engineers and they took what they considered the appropriate means to retaliate for the insult to their dean.

Incidentally, the victim, Andrew Allen, as I am sure you are aware, went on to achieve wide recognition in the field of drama and had considerable influence in that field as it affected radio and television.

Neil Bohnen
Toronto

The article "A Hundred Years of Mischief" was TREMENDOUS. As a graduate of 6T1 (B.Sc.), I had my run-ins with engineers at Sir Dan, and this was a superb reminder of those great days.

Riho Pild
Willowdale

Thank you for the review and update on the EngSoc. The pleasant nostalgia revived by those pages is hard to describe. However, one small item I must share with you.

Please refer to the picture of Godiva and Company on page 8. The occasion was the Homecoming Parade of October 1950. The prominent member of the trio, wearing the blinders, returned to Silverwoods (or one of the other arts colleges) shortly after the parade and we've not met him at any of the subsequent reunions. The beautiful squire (cheerleader)

Letters may be edited to fit available space and should be addressed: Graduate Letters, Department of Communications, University of Toronto, Toronto, M5S 1A1.

leading the parade happens to be the V.P. (Admin.) of our consulting firm as well as the still smiling grandmother of four more potential engineers (two of each). There are no end of fun stories that went into the parade preparations. The shocking pink long johns for Godiva (a cool fall week-end), the yellow yacht mop wig, the search for extra large lemons (grapefruit didn't work), the liberation of Godiva's steed by the tactical strike force with precise timing and rustlers' skill to avoid the undue attention of the municipal constabulary, the list is endless but all fun.

By the way, I'm a mechanical graduate of 5T1, and Godiva of '50 and '51.

W.G. Gerry
Victoria, B.C.

Pat Donohue's recent article on the Engineering Society was brilliant. He caught the Skule spirit from start to finish and I must admit I found myself somewhat dewy-eyed by the time I reached the end of it.

The longer I am at U of T, the more I realize how very special the faculty of engineering is. I rather suspect most of the campus feels similarly and your closing paragraph said it all.

Malcolm McGrath
Assistant to the Dean
Alumni Liaison
Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering

Pat Donohue is to be given A++ for the article on "A Hundred Years of Mischief". I felt as if I was personally present at Orientation '85. It brought back many memories — hearing Skule as a child; attending Drill Hall dances while in training at Toronto Western Hospital and being thoroughly frightened by the horrendous blast from the tiny cannon; and

Audrey Nettleton
Toronto

*Lois Reimer
Status of Women Officer
Office of the President*

Thus, nearly 30 years after Batoche, the machine-gun was still a battlefield novelty that could turn the tide for one side or the other. But with the advent of trench warfare in the Great War, however, this was not to be the case for very long.

Allan Levine
Ottawa

Postal Code

Mary Jo Morris
Toronto

E.B.M. Pinnington
Director
Department of Alumni Affairs

1985 CHANCELLOR'S AWARD GIVEN TO KAY TAKENAKA



STEVE BEHAL

A LOT OF PEOPLE FELT GOOD WHEN they learned that Kay Takenaka, ceremonials assistant at U of T and chief organizer of Convocations, presidential installations and other major events, had won the 1985 Chancellor's Award, which recognizes outstanding contribution to the University community by an administrative staff member.

The most eloquent tribute came from one of her nominators, who observed that "it is mainly, if not entirely, due to Kay Takenaka that Convocations at the University still bear the mark of personal contact between those graduating and the University."

In a University the size of this one, that's no small achievement.

Typical of her eye for detail (although it doesn't say anything about her warmth and friendliness to all) was the day she was casting her eye on the setting for yet another Convocation, at which an honorary degree was to be conferred. With dismay she noticed that the Golden Book, which degree recipients sign, was absent: someone had forgotten. She raced back to Simcoe Hall, retrieved the book

from its locked container and positioned it just in time.

Takenaka's care is one of many reasons why the UTAA chose her as recipient of the award, which she received at the Nov. 20 Convocation from Chancellor George Ignatieff.

Takenaka, born and educated in Vancouver, came to Toronto in 1942. She has been with the University for 25 years. As ceremonials assistant, she has a variety of responsibilities but the most public are related to Convocations and other ceremonies. These duties are far from simple. As one nominator commented: "The events she organizes are important to the University, and the possibilities of awkwardness or oversight are many, yet we have come to expect these things simply don't happen when Kay is in charge."

She is modest and pays tribute to the co-operation and support she receives from all within the University on whom she may call for assistance. But it is obvious this response reflects the respect in which she is held, earned by her own dedication and manner.

CINDY NICHOLAS FIGHTS FOR LAKE SHE SWAM

CINDY NICHOLAS BECAME FAMOUS FOR swimming Lake Ontario. Now she is working to aid those studying toxic pollution in all the Great Lakes.

Nicholas graduated with a bachelor of science from Scarborough in 1979 and obtained a law degree from the University of Windsor in 1982. Since then she has worked as a program officer at the Donner Canadian Foundation. A major part of her job deals with applications for study of the Great Lakes, one of the foundation's concerns.

Ironically, the quality of Great Lakes water was not always a concern to her. During her record-setting Lake Ontario swim in August 1974, she did not find the lake especially polluted. "When I finished a lot of people said 'Phew, you swam in Lake Ontario. Yuck!' But in the middle it's not so bad. It's just a little murky, that's all."

She added: "I have swum in the English Channel and in the Nile River and they are just garbage dumps. I can't recollect Lake Ontario being any worse than they were."

Nevertheless, Nicholas has become convinced of the desperate state of the lakes. "Since I have been with the Donner Foundation, I have become much more enlightened as to how much we should be concerned with the future of the Great Lakes," she said.

MARSDEN TELLS UTAA TO SPEAK OUT

"THE ONLY WAY IN WHICH A UNIVERSITY can know about itself, its successes, failures and opportunities, is through the alumni," Senator Lorna Marsden told the Ottawa branch of the UTAA. She was the guest at the Illustrious Prof Night in December.

"It is when you tell us what works and doesn't work, what was helpful to you and what was not, that we have a reading of our own situation," she said. "I believe that such response is needed and appreci-

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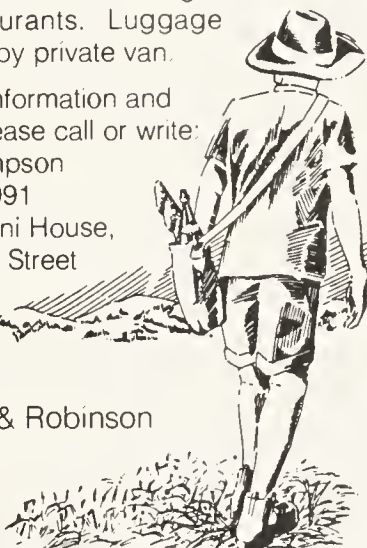
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ated by the faculty and administrators of the University of Toronto."

Universities are again under pressure because of major structural shifts in the economy and in work and production. "So many young Canadians — even university graduates — are unemployed or underemployed. They have completed a long and complex training and the labour market is not open to them," she explained. "Young Canadians," she added, "are expecting universities to adjust to reflect their concerns and interests."

Furthermore, universities now have to compete for research dollars with industry and government itself, Marsden said. "The idea of what a university is about, and what a university education can mean, and what university research is about, is not widely understood or shared by the people of Canada. . . . That means, that when Canadians are asked to choose between research in industry or research in university, the choice is not understood," she said.

"Because every Canadian votes, every type of Canadian is polled for her/his opinions, and economic anxiety can overwhelm other considerations on the public agenda," she continued. "It is important that you speak out actively and often for the sake of the country as well as the universities."

ERINDALE EXPRESS DRIVEN TO GLORY

THE ERINDALE EXPRESS WAS DRIVEN to glory by Principal Paul Fox Oct. 19 at Homecoming, winning the float contest for the second successive year. Erindale's entry consisted of an engine and 13 cars, each reflecting a significant event of the year, 1967, when Erindale was founded.

On top of that the Blues won their game against the Waterloo Warriors 48 to 7.

It was a good homecoming. But it was the Erindale float which stole the show. Its creators had been working on it since September and Erindale student president Frank MacGrath paid tribute to the alumni for their help. "They set a good example for us," he said. "It makes us know that we can come back and have a good time."

This year 25 floats were entered in the parade and it was generally felt to be the best in many years. Logistics for the Erindale contingent were forbidding. "Distance is an obstacle," said MacGrath. "The night before, we were up all night. Everything had to be transported on the flatbed of a truck, thoroughly roped down for the 25-mile journey along the QEW." On arrival, construction of the float began.



Two buses were required to contain more than 100 participants. And what did the alumni do? MacGrath lists their contributions. They used their contacts to get supplies. They offered recollections of 1967 as resource material. They took responsibility for one car in the train (including the costumes, long-haired wigs and so on) and they assisted with the music and even the construction.

Now *that's* involvement.

WOODSWORTH PLANS LIVELY COLLEGE

STUDENTS, ALUMNI, PROFESSORS AND staff will all be dancing to a different tune on Saturday, February 8, when Woodsworth College holds its annual dinner in the Great Hall of Hart House. The dinner is jointly sponsored by the Woodsworth College Alumni Association and the Business Certificate Alumni Association.

The dinner will also be the official launching of a fundraising campaign for the new Woodsworth College building. (Campus News, March/April 1985) A model of the proposed new building will be on display at Hart House the evening of the dinner. The new complex will transform Woodsworth from a predominantly administrative building to a lively student-filled college, bustling with activity.

"This building is the start of a new and



THANK YOU

to the many readers who responded to our invitation to become voluntary subscribers to *The Graduate*. To those who intended and forgot, the invitation is still open. Send \$10 to The Graduate, Department of Communications, 45 Willcocks Street, University of Toronto, Toronto, M5S 1A1 and mark it voluntary subscription.



Bob Masterson, Blues football coach 1947-55, showed his old form as he gave the ceremonial kick-off at the Homecoming game. The president held the ball. Watchers (from left) were Jeff Ranson, SAC president Scott Burk, UTAA president Ted Wilson and Marsh Hames, vice-president of the Men's T-Holders' and member of the Blues 1951 championship team

LEWKO HRYHORJIW

exciting future for Woodsworth College," said Marion Zimmer, executive assistant to the principal and alumni liaison coordinator of Woodsworth. "The project will blend the old historical buildings with new spacious areas for student study space, classrooms and professors' offices. In addition the Drill Hall will be renovated into classroom and auditorium space."

Guest speaker at the dinner will be the Hon. William G. Davis. Arthur Kruger, principal of Woodsworth, will chair the event. Tickets are \$40 each. For further information call (416) 978-5340.

BRADY, DAWSON FUND ESTABLISHED

AMONG THE SMALL COTERIE OF POLITICAL science professors in Canada in the 1940s, two University of Toronto academics "loomed very large," explained Bennett Kovrig, chairman of political science.

They were Alexander Brady and MacGregor Dawson. "Of that generation of students there is not one who would not have read their books or studied with one or the other of them at U of T," Kovrig said.

Brady came to Canada from Ireland as a boy. He graduated from U.C. in 1919, went to Oxford, returned to Toronto for his M.A. and Ph.D. and began teaching at U of T in 1924. He was an authority on

Commonwealth constitutional history, best known for his book *Democracy in the Dominions*, the classic comparative study of political institutions in the Commonwealth. He died in November 1985.

"Both as a scholar and teacher, Professor Brady was a model of clarity and liberal wisdom," said Kovrig. "Generations of students and colleagues benefitted from his unfailing courtesy and kindness."

MacGregor Dawson came to U of T in 1937. Born in Nova Scotia, he was a graduate of Dalhousie, Harvard and the University of London. He was the first to introduce Canadian government as a university subject and was the author of *The Government of Canada*, a standard text first published in 1947. He was also the author of the first official biography of the late Prime Minister Mackenzie King, which was published in 1959, one year after Dawson's death.

An anonymous donor has made an initial contribution of \$30,000 for an endowment fund to establish a scholarship in honour of these two pioneers of Canadian political science. The annual scholarship will be awarded, beginning in 1990, to a full-time graduate student pursuing a graduate program or research degree in political science. Anyone wishing to contribute to the fund may send donations to the Alexander Brady/MacGregor Dawson Fund, Department of Private Funding, 455 Spadina Ave., Suite 305, University of Toronto, Toronto, M5S 1A1.

REMINDERS

Election of Chancellor

On behalf of the College of Electors, the chairman, Brian O'Riordan, has issued a call for nominations for the position of Chancellor at the University for a term of office commencing July 1, 1986 and ending June 30, 1989.

The *University of Toronto Act* stipulates that the Chancellor must be a Canadian citizen.

The present Chancellor, Dr. George Ignatieff, is ineligible for re-election having served the maximum two terms. The previous three chancellors were the Hon. Pauline McGibbon, Dr. Eva W.M. Macdonald and the Very Rev. Arthur B.B. Moore.

Alumni Nominations for Governing Council

On March 26, the College of Electors will meet to elect three alumni representatives to the University's Governing Council, to serve terms from July 1, 1986 to June 30, 1989.

A candidate must be a Canadian citizen, an alumnus or alumna of the University, not a member of the staff or a student in the University and must be willing to attend frequent meetings of the Governing Council and its committees.

Nominations for Chancellor and the Governing Council must be in the hands of the secretary of the College of Electors by 4 p.m. on Tuesday, February 25. Further information and nomination forms may be obtained from Susan Girard, Secretary, College of Electors, 106 Simcoe Hall, University of Toronto, Toronto, M5S 1A1; telephone (416) 978-6576. All nominations will be held in confidence.

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THE PROVOST: U OF T'S FIRST FOLEY-O



IAN CRYSLER

FRANK IACOBUCCI'S SUCCESSOR AS vice-president and provost of U of T is a 49-year-old feminist professor of psychology.

Joan Foley, former principal of Scarborough College and current chairman of the Department of Psychology, was the unanimous recommendation of President George Connell's advisory committee.

Last year Foley won the University of Toronto Alumni Association's alumni faculty award for academic excellence and service to the community.

"I'm pleased that a woman has been appointed, and I'll be more pleased when the fact that a woman is appointed is no longer news," commented Lois Reimer, the University's status of women officer.

There have been only three other women in executive positions at Simcoe

Hall: Sidney Dymond, a lawyer who was vice-provost (research administration) until her appointment as a county court judge in 1974; Jill Conway, who left her job as vice-president (internal affairs) to become president of Smith College in 1975; and Lorna Marsden, who resigned her position as vice-provost in 1984 after being named a senator.

FREEDOM OF SPEECH DEFENDED BY WARDEN

A DRAMATIC ATTACK AT A HART HOUSE debate on a spokesman for the government of South Africa was thwarted by Warden Richard Alway on Nov. 14. The debate ended in a draw: by spraining his

wrist, Alway managed to deflect a 20-lb. wooden mace from ambassador Glenn Babb, and the assailant managed to deflect attention from the issue of divestment.

Babb, honorary visitor at the debate, was rushed out by police about 45 minutes after the attack as a group of about 30 protesters stomped, shouted and jeered in an attempt to shout him down.

Asserting that freedom of speech is an absolute right at U of T, Governing Council endorsed a statement by President George Connell affirming its protection and offering the South African ambassador to Canada a second chance to discuss South African divestment here.

OF CARROTS & LEVERAGE & AFFIRMATIVE ACTION

THE ONTARIO GOVERNMENT HAS dangled a carrot before universities willing to adopt a formal policy of affirmative action for female employees.



The carrot is a grant of up to \$20,000 for part of the cost of a co-ordinator and up to \$3,000 for a special project promoting employment equity.

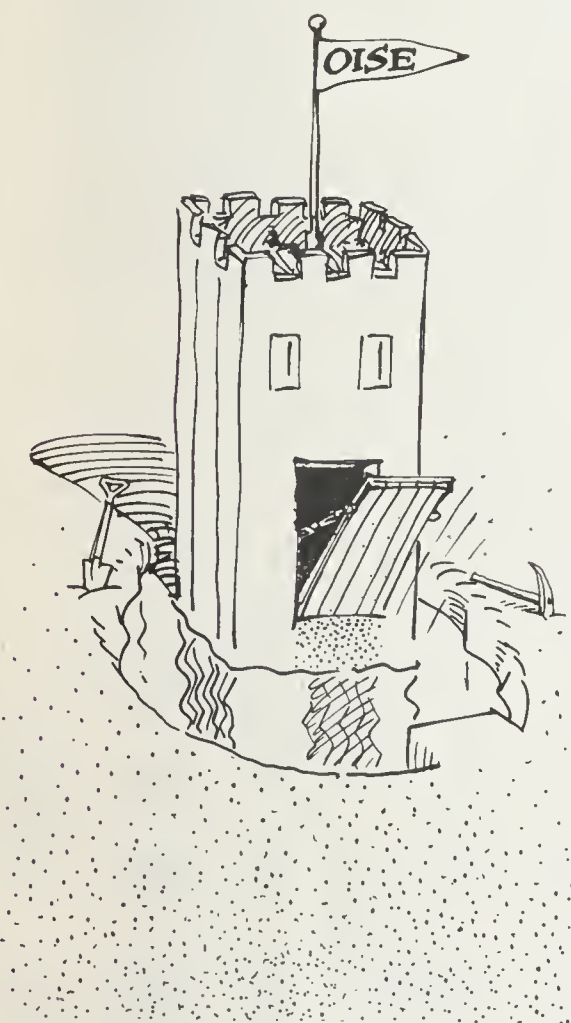
"It's a little bit of leverage the province is trying on the universities," said Susan

Mann Trofimenkoff, vice-rector of the University of Ottawa and chair of the Committee on the Status of Women recently established by the Council of Ontario Universities.

U of T will probably be applying for the funds, said Lois Reimer, the status of women officer here, once a new policy is approved.

BUDGET DECREE MAKES NOISE ABOUT OISE

AS GEORGE CONNELL AND BERNARD Shapiro, director of the Ontario Institute for Studies in Education, met to work out ways and means of implementing the transfer of OISE to U of T, which was decreed in the provincial budget, the OISE faculty association was quietly but persistently lobbying politicians to prevent its passage in the Legislature.



The association approved an expenditure of up to \$15,000 to bring about the defeat of the plan, which was announced in what many considered an off-hand way in the October budget without prior consultation of representatives of the two institutions concerned.

The Canadian Association of University Teachers, the Ontario Confederation of University Faculty Associations and the University of Toronto Faculty Association are backing up the OISE faculty. The

boards of all three have approved motions of opposition to the governmental decree on the ground that it constitutes interference in university affairs.

U.C. SYMPOSIUM VIII: CONSERVATISM

THE EIGHTH ANNUAL SYMPOSIUM OF University College will consider conservatism in its various aspects including film, music, architecture, drama, politics, religion, philosophy, literature and education. Lectures run from Wednesday, Jan. 22 through Saturday, Jan. 25. Admission is free, and the public is welcome to attend.

Many of the speakers are professors at U of T. Among those being imported for the occasion are Lloyd Dennis, co-author of the Hall-Dennis report on living and learning in the 1960s, Tom Axworthy, former aide to Pierre Trudeau, Larry Grossman, leader of the Ontario Conservative party, Michael Walker, director of the Fraser Institute, and Robert Fulford, editor of *Saturday Night*.

For a program or more information, call 978-8746.



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MATING GAMES

THE VILLAGE LEADER POURED THE anthropologist another cup of the local brew as they warmed themselves by the evening fire. "We live in a very orderly society here," the leader said, "and insist that everyone is married by the age of 18. In fact, I choose the brides for the young men myself."

"Don't you find," enquired the anthropologist, "that there is some resentment about this?"

"One just cannot do these things at random. I have found a system which suits very well," continued the leader. "What you have to avoid is a situation in which a boy and a girl each prefer the other to the spouses to which I have assigned them. If, say, a young man prefers another woman to his own wife, it doesn't do him any good. That other woman would rather remain with her husband."

"And you manage to provide each young person with a spouse?"

"Yes, certainly. We always have the same number of boys and girls when the choosing ceremony takes place. Each girl and each boy is asked to list the members of the opposite sex in order of preference. These lists are the basis of my selection."

"How do you do it?"

"Unfortunately, there is a taboo against my revealing my method. It has been passed down from time immemorial. However, I am sure a clever person like yourself will have no trouble figuring it out." With that, the leader cast the dregs of his drink on the fire and went to bed.

Reveal possible methods to: Aftermath, The Graduate, Department of Communications, University of Toronto, Toronto, M5S 1A1.



THE GRADUATE TEST NO. 34

THE WINNER OF THE Graduate Test No. 32 in the Sept./Oct. issue was Tony Browning of Toronto, who has been sent a copy of *North Atlantic Run: The Royal Canadian Navy and the Battle for the Convoys*. We received a total of 296 entries.

For Test No. 34 the University of Toronto Press has generously provided *My Orchestras and Other Adventures: The Memoirs of Boyd Neel*, edited by J. David Finch and with a foreword by Sir Peter Pears. Excerpts from this portrait of a man who contributed much to music and enjoyed every minute of it will be found in this issue beginning on page 16.

Entries must be postmarked on or before February 28. The solution will be in the next issue; the winner in May/June.

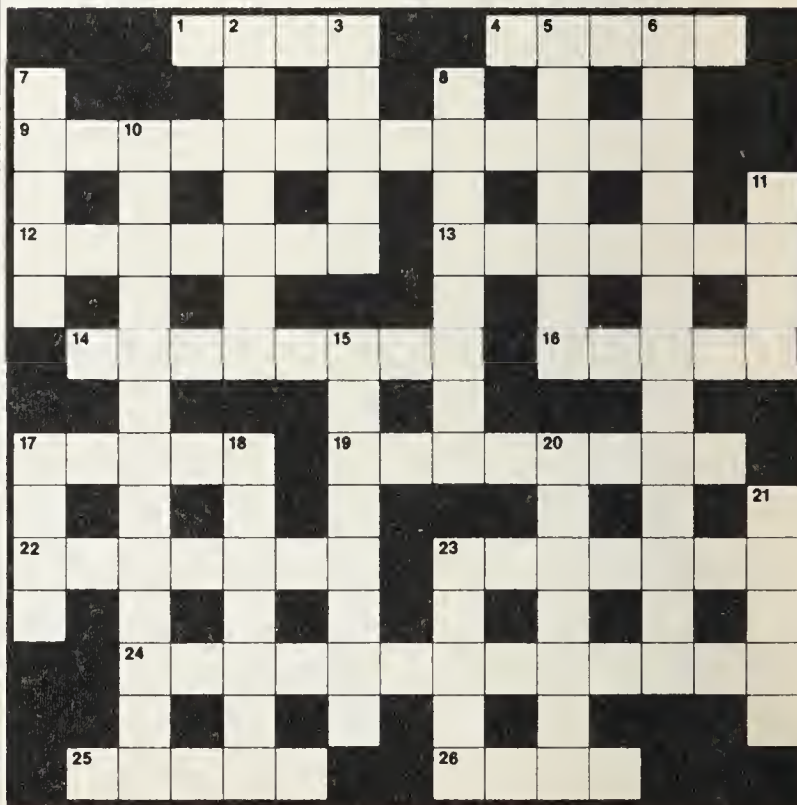
Address entries to: The Graduate Test, Department of Communications, University of Toronto, Toronto, M5S 1A1. And please don't forget to include your name and address.

ACROSS

1. Sharp taste of seaweed (4)
4. Range of viewer (5)
9. Very little is nothing to a politician in more attractive piece of hardware (13)
12. Engineer past fifty, your old fashioned speech is not short (7)
13. Making the connection that fifty-one is very good, young man (7)
14. Emphasizes tensions (8)
16. Socialist south-paw (5)
17. An animal might be a good man (5)
19. Music maker ready to admit deep confusion (4-4)
22. Penny eggs returned with Mexican coin (7)
23. Mid-September to a strict oriental (7)
24. Celebrated when disguised with thin make-up (13)
25. Swindle works the other way, my little man (5)
26. Measure causes domestic animals to come back (4)

DOWN

2. A column to the French messenger (7)
3. Exult that an old one is standard in the U.S. (5)
5. Shrill whistle to summon a pet? (3-4)
6. Roles of oration about elements of language (5,2,6)
7. Little sergeant-major has the lot (5)
8. Leo paces about to change colours (8)
10. In chains, perhaps, convicts' vehicle encounters unseemly delay without one (13)
11. Just no getting up: start late, end early (4)
15. Is Conrad confusingly cynical? (8)
17. Single man loses role over composer (4)
18. Over which a message may come from part of treasury used to obtain release (7)
20. Quiet; I have to follow to succeed (7)
21. Send one out for sneering (5)
23. Chopping sedge shows borders (5)



The Graduate Test No. 33

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I Sunday Night

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D E I

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